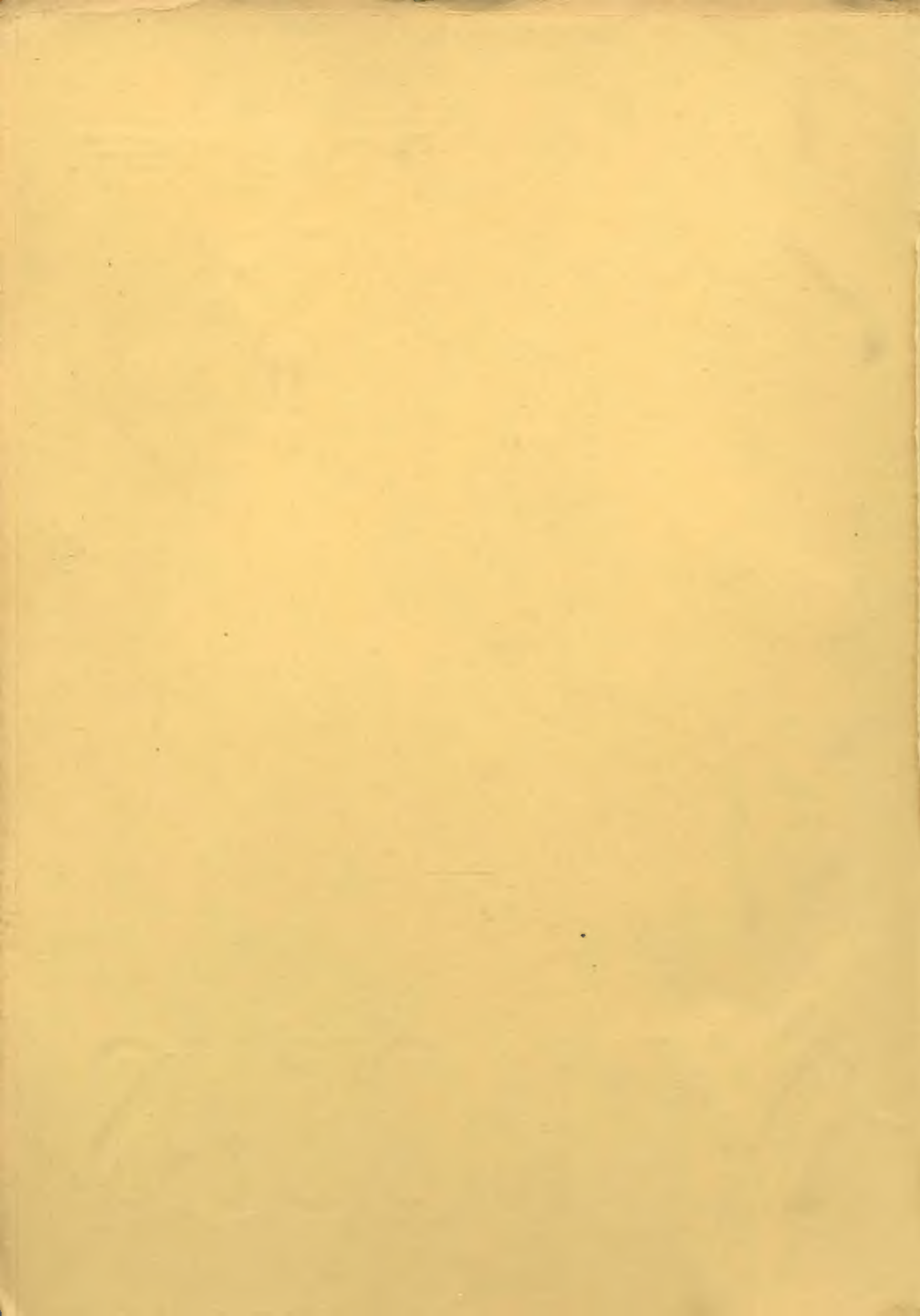




JAN - 1943

CADUCEUS



THE CADUCEUS

JANUARY 1943

Published in the interests of
THE STUDENTS OF
THE
BEAUMONT HIGH SCHOOL
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Caduceus

As our nation becomes more deeply involved in the present world conflict, the common man has gradually become the leading factor in the struggle. To him we pay tribute in the words of Vice-President Wallace:

"The century on which we are entering—the century which will come out of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man."

Caduceus

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Caduceus



ALBERT H. HUNTINGTON who has served Beaumont High School faithfully for sixteen years, first as assistant principal from 1926 to 1938, then as principal since 1938.

Caduceus



NORMAN B. DFE who was recently appointed as
sistant principal at Beaumont High School. The stu-
dents and faculty of the school wish him much
success.

Caduceus

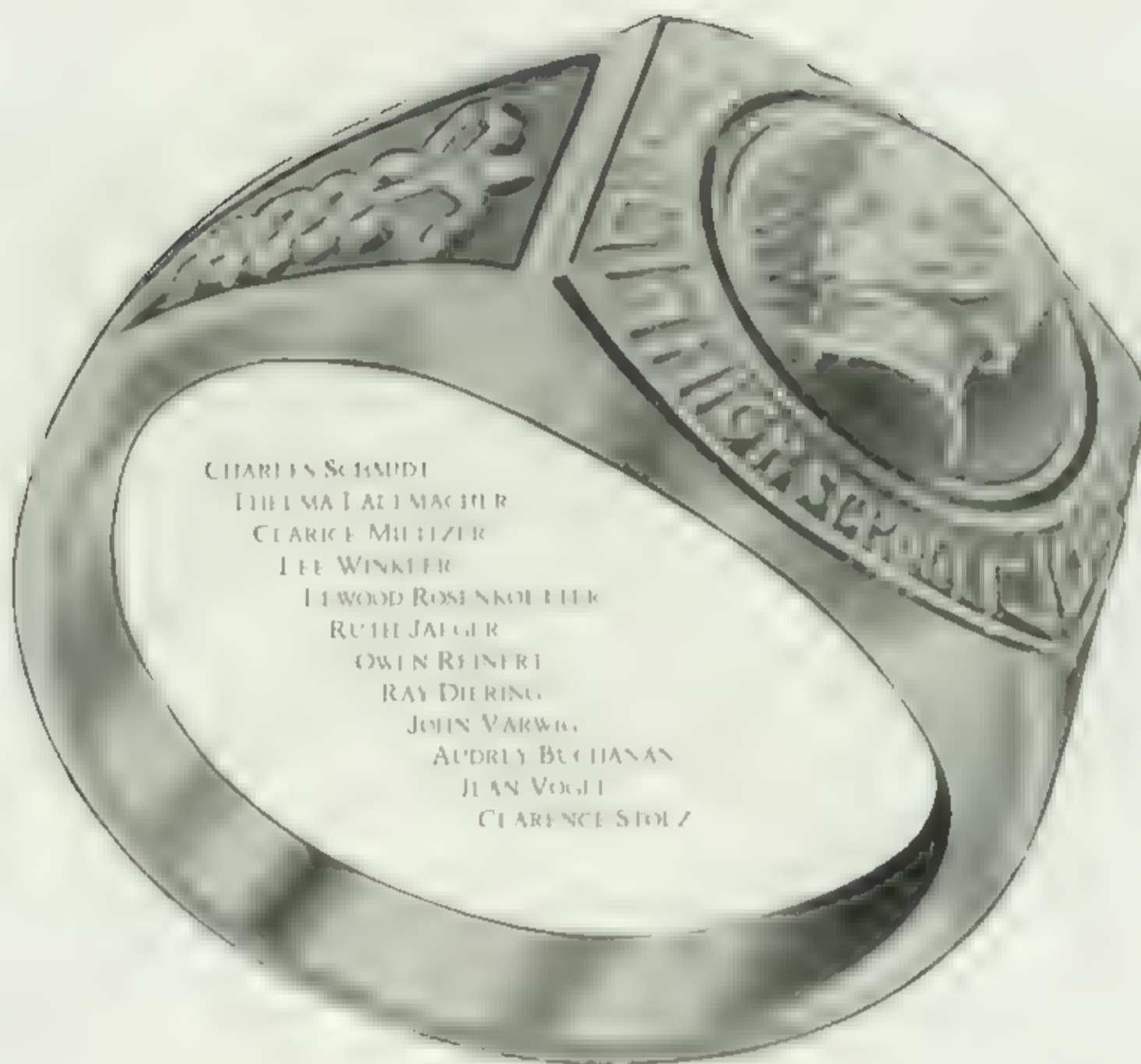


J. STANLEY NANTS who, having been assistant principal at Beaumont High School during the years 1938 to 1942, was appointed Assistant Superintendent in charge of High and Technical Schools of St. Louis last October. We are confident that continued success will be his

SENIORS



Caduceus



CHARLES SCHMIDT
THELMA LAEMACHER
CLARICE MUELLER
LEE WINKLER
LEWIS ROSENKOPF
RUTH JAEGER
OWEN REINERT
RAY DIERING
JOHN VARWICK
AUDREY BUCHANAN
JEAN VOGEL
CLARENCE STOLZ

Caduceus



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

MOTTO: MORE BEYOND

SENIOR SPONSORS



MISS FLORENCE L. QUELLMALZ



MR. WILLIAM W. HALL



MISS MARIE CUNNINGHAM



Caduceus

SENIORS

RUTH JAEGER

*The Class of January
Nineteen hundred and forty-three
of the
William Beaumont High School
announces the thirty-fourth
Semi-Annual Commencement
Thursday, the twenty-eighth of January,
at three o'clock*

This is an invitation to a graduation, your graduation. To many who read this article this invitation will contain only a few meaningless words, but to you, the two hundred and eighty seniors, this invitation will have connected with it a great deal of sentiment.

"You are the graduating class of January '43." You are the men and women of tomorrow. In selecting a motto *this fact* was uppermost in your minds. "More Beyond" brings before you the idea that although upon graduation from Beaumont, your high-school career may end, nevertheless, there is much more ahead for each and every one of you.

To some of you may fall the task of saving countless thousands of lives. To others the United States may owe its very existence because of your skill and courage.

Although with the passing of time many new classes will fill the spacious halls of Beaumont, nevertheless, our Class of January '43 will be remembered as a class well drilled in the precepts of liberty, freedom, and democracy, because this class is being graduated in the very midst of a world conflict which will decide whether or not these fundamentals of our civilization will continue to exist.

We wish to thank our sponsors, Miss Cunningham, Miss Quellmalz, and Mr. Hall for the constant efforts and guidance they have given us.

President	Charles Schmidt
Vice-President	Thelma Lademacher
Secretary	Clarice Miltzer
Treasurer	Lee Winkler
"Digest" Correspondent	Elwood Rosenkoetter
CADUCEUS Correspondent	Ruth Jaeger
Student Council Representatives	{ Owen Reinert
	{ Ray Diering
	{ John Varwig
	{ Audrey Buchanan
Executive Committee	{ Jean Vogel
	{ Clarence Stolz
	{ Miss Cunningham
Sponsors	{ Miss Quellmalz
	{ Mr. Hall

January '43



CHARLES M. SCHMIDT

CHARLIE

A man elect of men - Sunburns

Pres. New Senior Senior Class Digest Staff Student Council



CLARICE ELIZABETH METZGER

LIZ

Whatever is popular

Uackintosh

Sec. New Senior Senior Class La Vor de Espana Musica Americana Sec. Student Council Operetta 41 Peppercettes



JOHN WILLIAM VARWIG

JOHN

A noble ambition is among the most helpful influences - Anon

New Senior Senior Student Council Rep. Pe Shakespeare Club Burbank Chapter Jr. Academy of Science Operetta 42 R



RUTH M. H. JAEGER

RUTH

To talk without effort is, after all, the great charm of talking - Hare

CADUCEUS Correspondent New Senior Senior Class Camera Club Sec. Phynography Club Girls Skating Club Burbank Chap. Jr. Academy of Science Fifth Student Assembly

OWEN REINER

OWEN

Whose words all ears took captive - Shakespeare

Novelty Orchestra All High School Band All High School Orchestra Musica Americana Pres. Senior Orchestra Musica Ma

January '43

CLARENCE FREDERICK STOLZ, JR.
STOLZ

*Amorita is the most virtuous and virtuous
Chesterfield*

Pres. Senior Band Pres. History Travel Club
Boys Skating Club B A A Service Pin

AUDREY BUCHANAN
BUCHANAN

*And the universe turns out to be
personality Pinet*

Ex. Committee New Senior Senior Class
Rating Club Roller Skating Club Student
in Girls Skating Club

BERNICE GREEN
GREEN

Graced with manners

Service Club Roller Skating Club Peppercorn
Walking Club Captain Committee

RAYMOND W. DIERING
RAY

*United Outrigger is the best of personal
in House*

Baseball B 41 42 Basketball 41 4
Football 41 Volley Ball 41 F B B A A

LEWIS ROSENKOPF
ROSENKOPF

*It is more than a love as well as a
Cassidy*

Digest Core New Senior Senior Class Editor
Digest Pres. Chess Club Radio Club Servi
Club Tennis 41 B 42

Alice June Kendall
KENDALL

The ideal of courtesy with grace and charm

La Voz de Espana Peppercorn Musica
Americana Operetta 4

JACQUELINE JACQUEMIN
JACQUEMIN

*Even virtue is more fair when it appears in a
beautiful person*

Skating Club Service Club Shakespeare Club
Musica Americana Operetta 41, Captain

RICHARD STURM
STURM

*Little in mind, revolute in action
Lion*

Club Service Club History Travel Club
P Club



January '43



LOUIS C. SANDER

What is the best time in the world



GRACE CAROLYN BURBACH

The love is the flower of beauty

Age: 16 Club: Opera 42 Monica M.
Louisiana Roller Skating Club Swimming
Team Captain Committee



EVELYN VOLKMAR

being

Digest Staff Service Club Pin Pepperettes



FRED JENNINGS

Sincerity is a trait of true and noble manhood

Voz de Espana Bowling Club Track 4



NORMAN R. NIEMEYER

The most desirable of all

History Travel Club Service Club Student
Council Caption Committee



SHIRLEY ANNE ASHBY

Voz de Espana Club Skating Club Library
Club History Travel Club Pepperettes



LORRAINE ROSE BECKER

What is a

Apparatus Club Walking Club



CHARLES JOSEPH HACKE

Apparatus

Service Club History Club Digest Club
of U.S. Corp Junior Boys Golf Club F. B.
Caption Committee

HARVEY ECKLEY
PUZZY

him H. Huns
Basketball B 41 Basketball B 41 4
Football 40 B 41
V A

BILLIE JEANNE BRITSCH
LIT

Long Chung Duane
Duck Club Peppercakes

MARJORIE LOUISE KUEMMERLE
STARVED

Humor includes sentiment and el
Shakespeare Club Service Club La Voz de
Espaol Peppercakes Duck Club F B

GLORIA B LINK
LINK

Confession preter t
Peppercakes Skating Club Musica Amer
Musica Missouri and Operetta 42 I
Club

LEONARD E KROTHINKI
KRAZY

He is a sitting head
Hequard

PATRICIA MULLEN
LADY

Don't laugh and be merry B
Sec Library Club Girls Skating Club Ops
42 Service Club Pn After Yoda
Club Peppercakes

LOIS BINGHAM
LADY

Count Holmes
d Marsha Club Burbank Chapter J
ony of Seamen

LOIS FAUST

I a most manifest sign of a d
Apparatus Club Walking Club R Skating
Club



January '43



VINCENT C. MAHONEY
VINCE

The will to do the soul to dare
H. A. A. Football 38-40 B. C.
Track 39



DOROTHY JULIA BENDA
LOU

There was a man beautiful as morning
And a girl as sweet as honey
Pepperettes Operetta 41 Roller Skating Club
G. A. A.



VIRGINIA LOU RUFESSEGER
GINNY LOU

I am as gay as morning Pa. Per
Girls Skating Club School Cheer Leader Pep
perette Cheer Leader G. A. A.



HAROLD ANTHONY ERLING
TONY

He
Photography Club Boys Bowling Club
Musica Max



FRED Z. WRIGHT JR.

True business springs not from the heart
But from the head
Football Mgr 40-41 Track 39-40 Soccer
41



EVELYN M. MARIS
EV

The good and the wise lead quiet lives
For wisdom is the best of all things
Walking Club Service Club Pepperettes



JEAN NANCY MICKLESSELL
JEANNE

There is a majestic grandeur in the
quietude of the soul
Club Girls Walking Club Roller Skat
ing Club Pepperettes E. B. G. A. A.



EDWARD GUETLIMER JR.
GUEY

Self confidence is the best requisite for
undertakings Johnson
Alfred Marshall Club Physiological Club Texas
Senior Band Boys Skating Club Model A
Piano Club

January '43

CLARENCE A. LUNN

No handsome man is ever really poor
Spanish Proverb
Photography Club Football 42

ELINOR HARRIET THOMPSON

Beauty is silent & sweet
Pepperettes Roller Skating Club

DORIS MARIE KOEHL

Happiness is a rare commodity
Pepperettes

HERMAN KAUFER

And you look forward to meeting him again
Boys Glee Club Musica Missouriana

FRANK E. HAM

There's a well dressed gent
Him

AUDREY JACQUILINE BASHFORD

A cheerful friend to like a sunny day
Alfred Marshall Club

LAYE GREEN

Learn to love the things of a
Bowling Club Mgr. Pepperettes Student C
G. A. A.

ROBERT E. SCHOLLMAYER

Have more fun at school or learned to dance
Boys Skating Club B. A. A.



January '43



RICHARD I. SCHOEN

RED

The angeliest glories of his beaming hair

La Voz de Espana Student Council B A A

ROSEMARY HICKS

GL

an fair *Coctor*



MICHAEL L. KERLEY

W

Emancipator *Boat*

erectus Apparatus Club

CLIFFORD STRUPEL

CH

Let us a higher type of knowledge than exists

Arctoth

Fairhall 42 Bowling Club



HOMER GEBAUER

JB

He is handsome that handsome doth Red
Boys Bowling Club Burbank Chapter Jr
Academy of Science Boys Skating Club

HELEN JANE LEWIS

WJL

er Skating Club Walking Club
Comm of Student Council



DORIS MAY KING

WJL

Nothing is fairer it

Duck Club Service Club

W. S. A. A. A. A.

W. S. A. A. A. A.

January '43

RICHARD GLENN WEBER

REAR

Manners: the final and best
place for

PHOTO: B
High School Op.
Band Operetta
Music

DOROTHY SCHROEDER

MICHELLE ELIZABETH SCHAEFER

REAR

PHOTO: B
Club: C. A. A.

JOYCE J. MADSEN

no to its H.

Skating Club

WILLIAM WAHLBRINE

REAR

PHOTO: B
Voted Marshall Club: Fr.
Track: 42

CAROL HOBBS

A pleasant companion is as good

VIRGINIA SCHABER

To do easily what is difficult for others is the
mark of talent. A

Operetta: 42. Peppercorn Cheer Leader. Student
Council. Vice Pres. Girls. Skating Club. Swi-
ming: B. C. A. A.

JEAN THORNDROW

FRONT

PHOTO: B
Duck Club. Girls. Skating Club. Art Apprecia-
tion Club. Peppercorn. Operetta: 40. Miss
Missouriana.



January '43

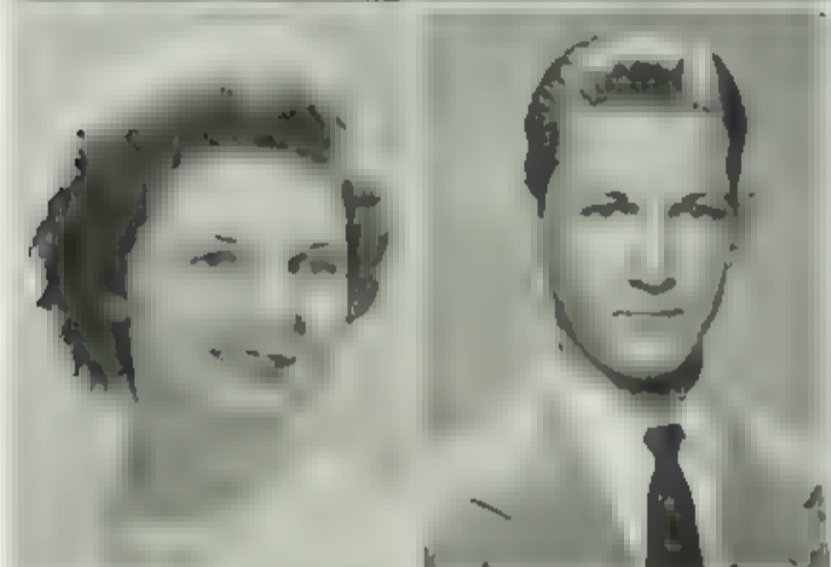


ARTHUR LINCK
JUNIOR

AUDREY L. DIETKER
JUNIOR

We loved her smile and pleasing personality

Bowling Club Service Club Walking
Vox de Espana History Travel Club



JANE ELLEN SCHAEFERING
JUNIOR

The art of being agreeable Cambridge
Skating Club Girls Bowling Club Mg

NORMAN BERNAL
SENIOR

and himself will soon be

A Good Marshall Club Boys Skating Club



WILLIAM EDWARD POLLOCK
SENIOR

Sincerity thou first of virtues Home
Boys Skating Club Treas Chess Club

BERNICE LOUETTA BASS
SENIOR

All life is activity Von Fruchterleben



DOROTHY CHRIS CRAWFORD
JUNIOR

What is beautiful is good Sapph

ROBERT CLYDE COWLES

The art of playing consists in being pleasant

Stamp Club

January '43

JACK GIESLER
Tenor

Football Club Gym Club Track

DOROTHY QUAGLY
Soprano

I know you by your eyes Berlog
Peppercakes, Mousses Americana Mousses Mex
Louisiana Operetta 42

ERNE E. UHIG

Friendship never lets us down Anon

ALBERT R. WEINSTEIN
VI

is a burning fire Weinbaum
Service Club Student

DAVID TRAYN
BASS

The learned gentleman I bow before
Cantor
Gym Club Golf Club Track 19 40 B A A

LOIS HOLMANN
Trio

Travelled by Holman
Swimming Team Capt Jack Club Apparatus
Club Bowling Club T

DORIS JANE BURKACH
TANNO

Having wisdom with each student year
Holman

ROBERT L. SCHONE
Trio

Prove your dear old and good
Boys Skating Club Boys Bowling Club



January '43



HAROLD MITCHELL

SENIOR

Blushing is the luxury of virtue — B

GLADYS M. MALCOM

I would be a friend to all — W. A. S.
Apprentice Student Council



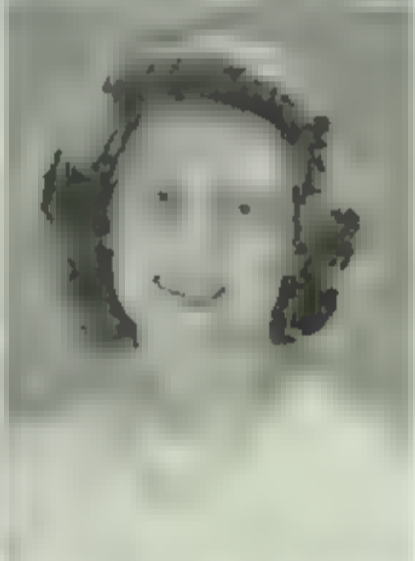
LOIS GREEN

SENIOR

I am grace — M. C.
Varsity Skating Club Bowling Club Peppercorn
C. A. S.

JACK C. LANI

W. A. S.



WILLIAM L. ONDA

SENIOR

ESTHER LOU GAITHER



MARIAN E. KOHNMAN

SENIOR

NORMAN CARL CROSS

SENIOR

by Graphic Club Chess Club Track 4

January '43

ROBERT SEYMOUR
MIKE

Stillest of person and its

Student Council Musica Missions

MARION MAYO

Face with dignity 4
Opereita 4.

BERNICE GOFKILLER
BONNIE

Every trait of beauty may be retained
actress M. Peters
Service Club Peppercettes G. A. A.

VIRGINIA C. STEINMANN
GINNY

Individuality is to be preserved and
Working Club Peppercettes

GERALD EGAN
GERRY

Your wisdom is conveyed in conduct
Shakespeare
Boys Skating Club

LORRAINE ANN TAYLOR
RAINY

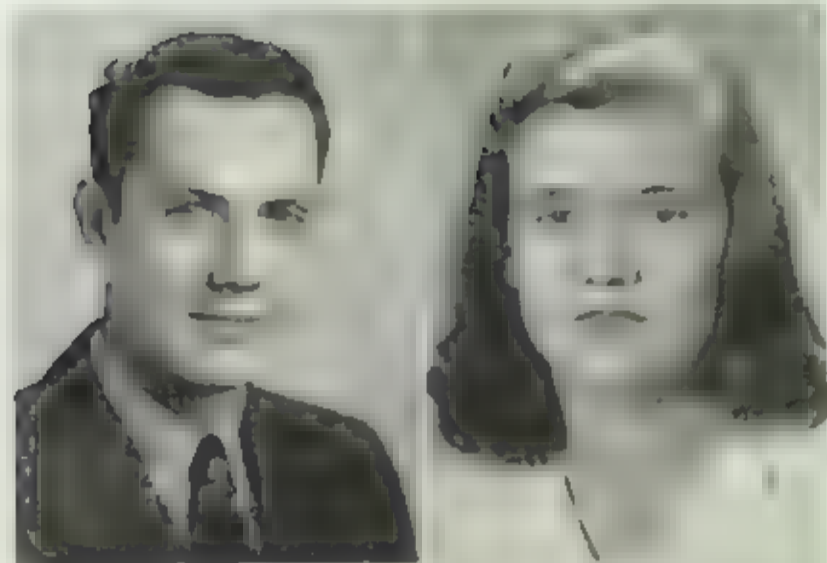
Her infinite sweetness Dante
Duck Club Peppercettes Student
Bowling Club

IRENE KRIEHL
RIND

is best

CONSTANCE LAYL DAIN

Acron is eloquence Shakespeare
Musica Missionaria Opereita 42, Apparatus
Club Swimming Team 40 41 4
Skating Club Peppercettes



January '43



DON MEYER

Drinks are the world's musters - *It'sland*
La Voce de Espana Student Council Boys Bow-
ling Club Track '40 '41



MARJORIE WAGNER

Music

You are sweeter than sweet -
Burbank Chapter Jr. Academy
Fred Marshall Club Peppercakes



BETTY JEANNE MAUNELL

Music

Thy fair hair my heart enchained - *Sidney*
Alfred Marshall Club Vice Pres. Skating Club
Operette '40 '42 Peppercakes Duck Club
Service Club



GERALD HEENE

Music

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the
genuine - *I*

La Voce de Espana, Bowling Club Track '40
'41



RICHARD D. CROAK

Sports

To love the game beyond the game
Sports

Football '40 '41 '42 Basketball '41
B. A. A.



AUDREY LEE VONN

Music

Popularity is power - *Macaulay*

Music Missourians Operette '40 '42, Sec.
Mixed Chorus Peppercakes Service Club Texas
Girls Skating Club



IMOGENE VIOLET UPDIKE

Music

Her laughter has - *W*

Bowling Club, Walking Club Alfred Marshall
Club Peppercakes



EDWARD L. HOFFMANN

Music

Teaching makes a good man better - *Father*
Student Council Gym Club

January '43

RUSSELL HARMS

REN

Friendship thou better name Alerdgo

JEAN JOSEPHINE BATES

JEAN

*La Voz de Espana Library Club
Saghy Club Service Club Student Coun-
cil I B*



DOROTHY JANE ROHRKASSE

VI

*It is a fearful heart that has plenty of
Duckers*

*Physiography Club Girls Skating Club Student
Council Pepperettes*

JAMES COLE

LM

The work proves the workman Power



ROBERT E. BATTNER

W I

Better than a sin

Victory

MARY STANDLEY

*Music alone with its voluptuous spell
Music*

*All City High School Band All City High
School Orchestra G A A*



ESTHER HARMS

SS

*Come and live
In the Light*

*Alfred Marshall Club Operetta 42 Musica
Missouriana Pepperettes*

WILLIAM BUECHER

FT

*I am a land of truth And
Musica Am*



January '43



ROBERT A. JACOB
SKI

FAIRFAX
S Club No. 1

JOHN J. JACOB

Vice de Espana Walking Club G. A. A.



JO ANN MARTIN

2000
I will see it of the skating
I will see it of the skating
I will see it of the skating

ROBERT THOMPSON



VIRGINIA M. LINNEMAN
JENNY

What sweet del. of

R. Dee Skating Club Walking Club



ROSEMARY HUND
R.

Club Skating Club
Opera 42 M.



GREGORY GILLY
JENNY

January '43

A FLOYD VAN SICKLE

VAN

All the world is a stage *Shakes*
ADUCUS Staff Operetta *Marion's*
Louisiana Rifle Club Service Club

WILMA THOUSAND

WILLI

Popularly known as
Pepperettes Duck Club G. A. A.



CATHERINE AUDREY DE PAUW

AL

After it is all over is given *Carlisle*
Pepperettes, Walking Club Service Club
Apparatus Club

HILDEGARDE R. LASCHKE

III

Here is a dear one

Library Club Physiography Club Das Deutsche
Kraenzchen



ALLEN YODER

AL

It is good to be merry and *Chapman*
Rifle Club Rifle Team 4

MARION VIRGINIA BECKER

BECKY

Marion is the happy wife of

La Voz de Espana Pepperettes A Good Marshal



LAVERNE CLARA KRIENKAMP

DOLLY

Stems is the prettiest herald of joy

G. A. A.

JANE L. RILEYMAN

JANE

Fair And and True *Shakespeare*
A Good Marshal Club



January '43



RALPH GROTE MEYER

One less happiness Audacity



FELLE SCHREMPF

*It is the mystery of beauty
Balance Light*

Walking Club Roller Skating Club Girls' Ski
Club Bowling Club Pre



ALICE MORROW

Dignity of

Pres. Library Club Swimming Team

and House CADERN Service Club
Pepperettes



WALLACE C. SAUTERWEIN

WALL

*Nature is the only beauty of man
The Mountain*

Varsity Marshall Club Bowling Club Student



RUSSELL MOORE

RUSSEL

There is nothing like fun, so there



MARIAN HELEN PETERSON

PETE

It takes much more than genius to be

Digest Staff Service Pin Camera Club Girls'
Skating Club Operetta 42 Duck Club



FELLE SCHREMPF

It is by nature I am

Student Council



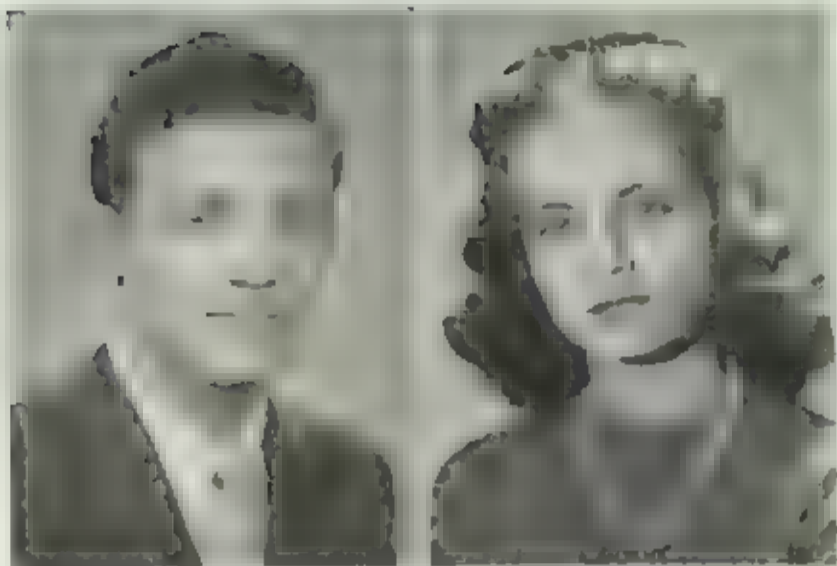
January '43

ARTHUR E. DEMING
JR.

A good man does his best share
Track Team B 40 41 Football 4
41 42 Basketball B 40 41 42
Hall 41 42 All City District and State
Basketball Team 42

ARIONNE NORMA MEYER
JR.

*A lovely countenance is the fairest of all
lights* - Ben Jonson



MARION PARKER
JR.

A true friend is the greatest of

ARTHUR SCHERRER
JR.

He is all truth - Shakespeare
Track 39, 40 Bowling Team 40 41 Bowling
Club 40 41 Golf Club



COLLINS F. BUSHELL
JR.

of learning is never bored - Richter
Tribune Group

MARIE PARKER

Ambition has no rest - Horace

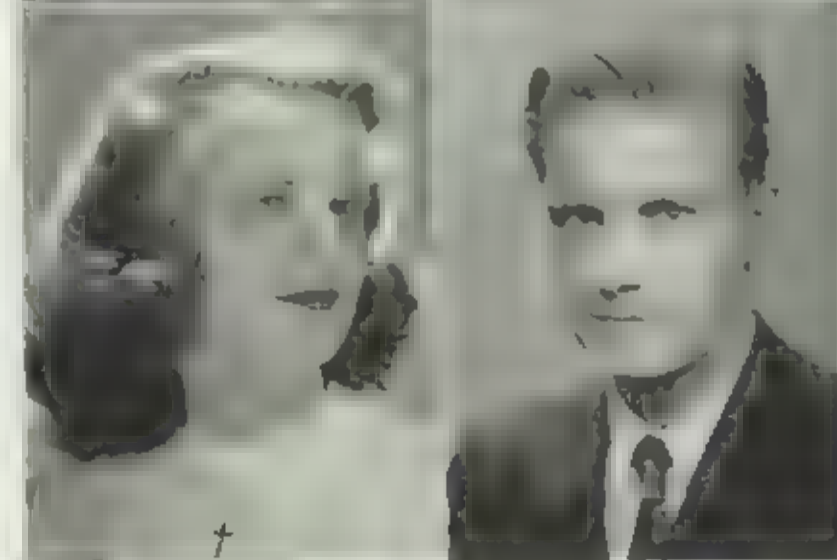


BILLIE CONSTANCE DONNELLY
JR.

Everything that is beautiful is lovable
Latin Proverb
Swimming Team Student Council Girls Skat
ing Club Peppercuts Vice Pres Senior Girls
Glee Club Apparatus Club

ARTHUR PLOGER
JR.

Wishes are for the dead; deeds are for the
Camera Club History Travel Club B A A



Thirty on

January '43



EUGENE V. KOWALSKI



CATHERINE BISCHOFF
KAT



ALICE ESTHER MOCHEL
MOCHEL

*Oh youth forever dear forever here
Hurry*
g Club Apparatus Club Popperettes



ROBERT I. SATTLER
ROBERT

*as a man's friend friend
Hurry*

Club Radio Club Track 40 41
Club



ROBERT A. HENSLEY
HENSLEY

Club



MILDRED MEYER
MEYER



LORRAINE T. PUZAK

as a friend

Service Club Girls Skating Club Roller Skat
Club Operetta 42 Muxra Am



HARRY JOHN HIRST
HIRST

January '43

EDWARD MASTERSON
EDINBURGH

Fast as wind on the river - Longevity
Track B 39 40 41 42 Bowling 39
10 Football 40 41 Pres. Alfred Marshall
Club

Track Club *Kappa Club
Alumni 41 Student Council



BETTY JEAN STREET

The red gold cadence

Alaska Missionary Duck Club
A A

LOUI LUNK
KANSAS

Main to her said to be the speech of angel
Carols
Rader Skating Club Swimming Team Duck
Club G A A



JACK LOCKEY
TEXAS

in up at 1 - purchased
the - Wife

ANGELINE E. MOOREHEADS
ALABAMA

Team work
Walking Club Apparatus Club Peppercott
La Vie de Ecolna Bellows Mount



LORETTA URBAN
MISSOURI

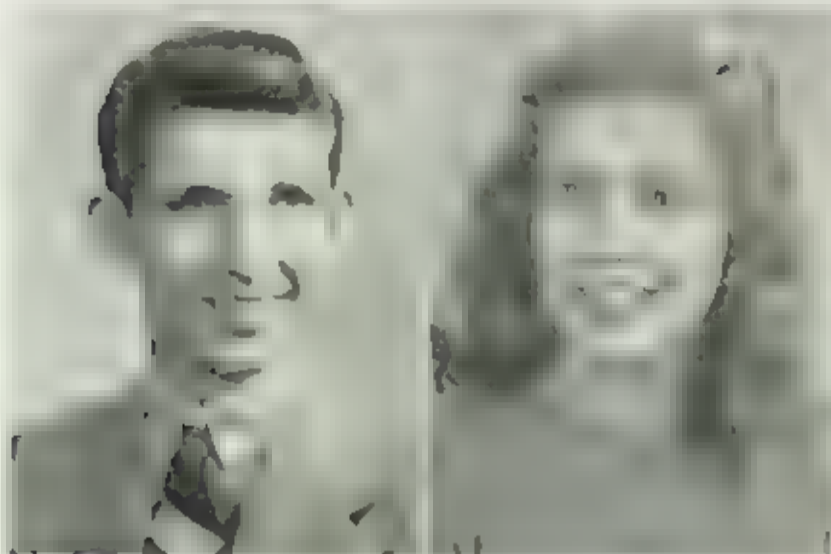
Ministrant
e Club Swimming Team Student

GILLY NIDERRHOFF
DEUTSCH

Kenneth
Ingerson
Peppercott Walking Club G A A



January '43



ALBERT MANDEL

His just and genial humor wins his friends
 Boys Bowling Team Bowling Club



HELEN GREENE

Her curly hair
 All City Girls Skating
 Junior Academy of Science



ROSEMARY DREISEWERD

It is
 The happiest heart that ever
 Skating Club Service Club Operetta
 Musica Missouriana Digest Staff



GERALD T. WOOD

He is
 As quiet as a lamb Long and



THEODOR RUPP

He is
 All forth apples Herrick
 Model Airplane Club Student



LARAIN JENKINS

The beautiful popular all-around
 Operetta 42 Council Girls Bowling
 Club Girls Club Musica Missouriana



HELEN J. LENHOP

And ever as she went some merry word she
 Americana Musica Missouriana Operetta



EDWARD JAMES WAMHOFF

Without music it would be a lonely
 Lonesome
 Tennis B 41 42 Service Pin All City
 High School Orchestra All City High School
 Band Novelty Orchestra Boys Skating Club

HARRY BERNARD EXLER
JUNIOR

And life is itself but a game of fate

Football B '39, '40, '41, '42 Captain '41
Track B '39, '40, '41 All State Track
Football, Baseball B '41 Varsity Ball B '39
'40, '41, '42 B A A

JEAN LORRAINE RUDY

*La Voie de
the Club Po*



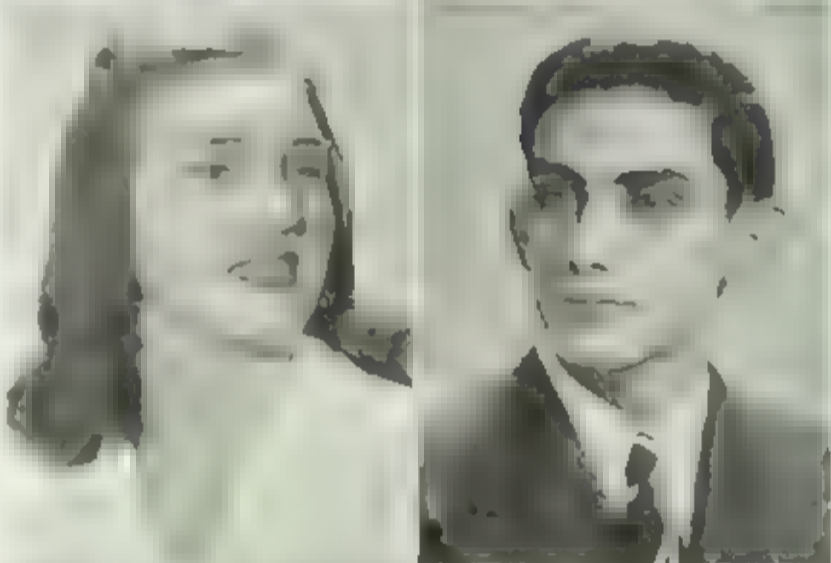
DOROTHY M. RUMER
SENIOR

A merry heart doeth good

Music Americana '41 Musica
Operetta '42 Girls Skating Club Pepperettes
C A A

PHILIP FANARA

Let us do what honor demands *Rumor*



DAVID R. HESSLER
SENIOR

Ugly face is better than a forward heart

VIOLET WHITE
SENIOR



CARLEEN ELIZABETH SCHULZ
JUNIOR

*La Voie de
Girls Skating C*

NORMAN L. HOOVER
JUNIOR

La Voie de



January '43



ROBERT C. BLISKAM
 JUNIOR
 "out of man the only answer is
 for a better world"
 Burbank Ch. Jr. Academy of Science, Tosa
 Service Club

RUTH HILL
 SENIOR

LORRAINE MCCARTHEE
 SENIOR

STANLEY J. HAMMERLI

DODD A. MCGOWAN
 SENIOR

Wood Method Club

ELLEN PETER

LORENE EMILIE ADAMS
 JUNIOR

LOUIS C. LUNT
 SENIOR

Burbank Chapter Jr. Academy of Science, His-
 tory Travel Club, Radio Club, Photography

ARTHUR JOSEPH SALEY

Art

If your glory and popular praise *Meen*
Basketball '41 '42 B Football '41 '42
W. Track '41 '42 B

AURETTA GAY BAILEY

ED

She has a lovely face *Emerson*
Cigarettes Roller Skating Club La Voz de
España

ELLEN ROGERS

Where all was harmony and calm and quiet
Byron
Service Club F B

DONALD GIRONI MEYER

B

I good laugh to sunshine in a house
Thackeray
Alfred Marshall Club Photography Club

MARIE WEBER

Kindness is the mother of courtesy *Hall*
Book Club Girls Skating Club Cigarettes
Musica Americana Operetta '41

VIRGINIA SAPPINGTON

JENSEN

Apparatus Club

Excerpt

ROSEMARY SCHMITT

SCHMITT

A friend may well be called the masterpiece
of Nature *Shelley*
La Voz de España Roller Skating Club Walk-
ing Club Cigarettes

EDWARD MORELAND

J

Every man is the architect of his own fortune
Voltaire
Track '40 Basketball B '40 '41 Golf '41



January '43



THOMAS HARMAN

SOB

He not light, I will not



PATSY ELLIOTT

PA

A wonderful sweet and fair W. Laxman
Walking Club Girls Skating Club Acro-
Club Girls Bowling Club Digest Staff



SHIRLEY BOIRMANN

SOB

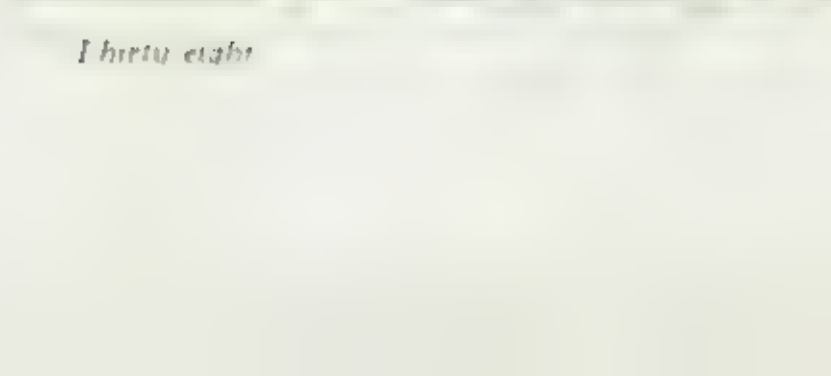
of a cheerful face



RALPH HAMMETT

TEAM

Ability runs on the stream of time
La Rochelle and I
Club, Boys Bowling Club Swimming
Team 41-42



KENNETH STACK

Big in the life of many a life W. Laxman
Team 40 Football 40 B. A. A.

MARILYN HEIN

MAK

ALFRED NOTENSMYER

MAK

The sweetest and to the sweetest man
to be
Club Walking Club

EDNA RENICK

MAK

January '43

NICHOLAS ONIERHOE I
SENIOR

There art a real w. of gr. & respice
Shakespeare

Baseball B 39 41 Varsity Baseball 39 40
Student Council

AGNES CATHERINE BURNS

In justice and confidence shall be a strength
John 13

Working Club Girls Shooting Club Popperette

GLORIA PATRICIA GANNON

SENIOR

The surest thing that ever grew
William 13

Camera Club History Travel Club Popperette

WILBERT F. JANSING

Swift as a shadow
Shakespeare

Varsity Club Pin Track B 39 40 41
42 Football B 40 41 42 Basketball
40 41 All City Football Team 41 All
State Track Team 41 42

EARL PIGEON

SENIOR

They can who think they can
Aesop

Alfred Marshall Club Camera Club Physiography
Club C.A.D.C.E.U.S. Staff B A A

ROSEMARY PATMILLER

SENIOR

With prolonged life and causeth health
Luce

Alfred Marshall Club Swimming Team (Hon)
Popperette Duck Club

BETTY ULRICH

SENIOR

Letty is the overflowing of the soul
Luther 13

Shakespeare Club Digest C.A.D.C.E.U.S. Coni
Archery Chapter Physiography Club C.A.D.C.
C.E.U.S. Staff Walking Club C A A

CHARLES F. FETTER

SENIOR

How the art brightens
Pope

Oporette 19 Music Americana Vice Pres
Treas. St. Boys' Club



January '43



ROLAND H. WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

*He is always laughing for he has an infinite
deal of wit.* - Aust

DORIS M. JAMISON

DORIS

*Good humor at the heart of the world
is the key to success.*



MAY CLATTO

CLATTO

*Nothing is rarer than true good nature
which is but*

Feller Skating Club Walking Club Sign Duck
Club Alfred Marshall Club G. A. A. Poryer

ARTHUR H. KAMM

KAMM

Contentment parent of delight



VERNON T. HEITKOTTER

*Joyousness is Nature's gift of health
Lumina.*

HERMINE SEISER

Only nobility is there. - Anon

Camera Club Die Jungen Vice Pres. Das
Deutsche Wissenschaften Apparatus Club Girls
Skating Club



LORRAINE DOROTHY ELLWIGER

The price of wisdom is above rubies. - Job

Girls Skating Club Peppercorn G. A. A.

MILTON F. MILLER

MILLER

Kindness begets kindness. - Sept. 1871

January '43

FREDRICK W. EICHMEYER

MARIAN HOBBS

MARIANN DOOLEY
MAY 11

ANNE HOLLAND
JUNE 1

Swimming Club Duck Club Operetta 4
Pepperette Co. A A

HAROLD POH
JULY 1

Art in the Armed Bureau of

Boys' Skating Club CALIFORNIA Staff D.
gest Staff Physiography Club

JUNI BINDNER
JULY 11

I laugh in win
Walking Club D.

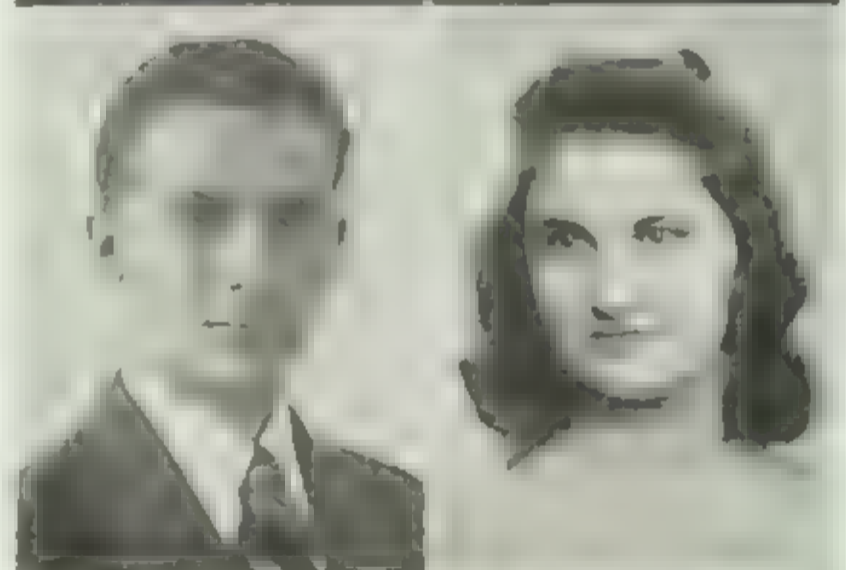
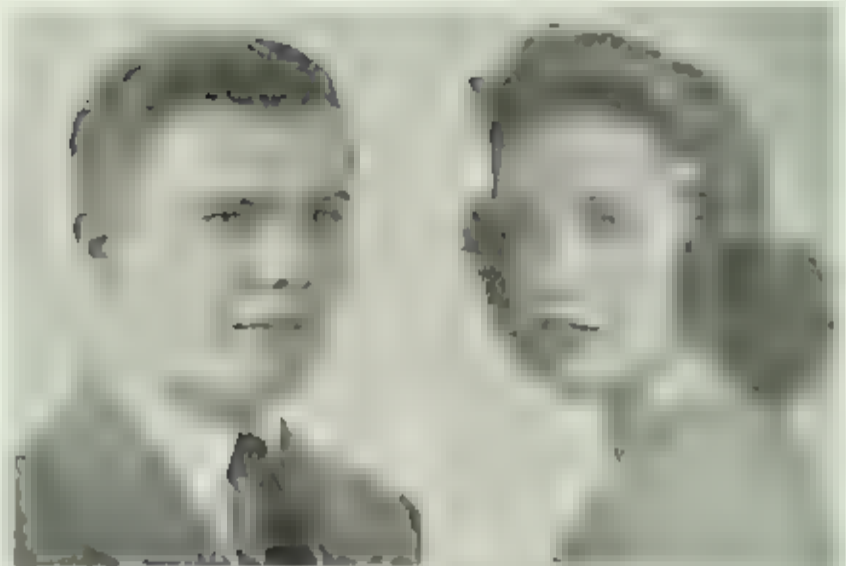
WANDA RUCKER

I like to laugh

Skating Club B
Club Co. Walking Club

PATRICIA KOTTWINKEL
PA

Library Club Pepp

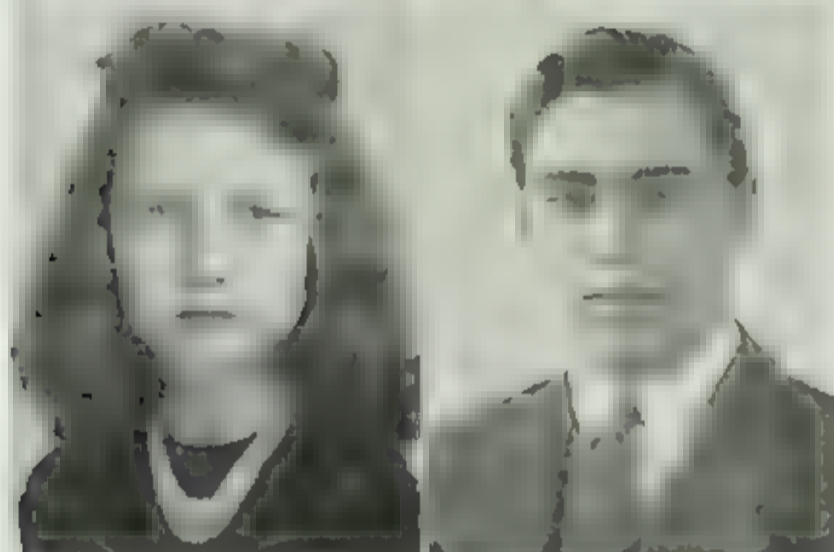


Fortu on

January '43



STANLEY RUHMANN



CHARLES RUST
CHARLIE



GEORGE INNES



DONALD CROCKER
DON

January '43

DONALD R. GRIMM

SENIOR

*What sweet delight a sweet life affords
To us in you*

Ated Marshall Club Physography Club
Model Airplane Club

STEELEY LOUISE FENNINGER

SENIOR

*Learning of them are the thirds of
What I see*

Ated Marshall Club

MABLE RUTH MARTIN

SENIOR

QUEEN L. SCHER

SENIOR

Where there's must there can't be mist

Musica Americana, Musica Missouriana
Roy Chapman Andrews Chapter Jr. Academy of
Club Opera 39-40 Ated

JAMES A. WALLACE

SENIOR

JUNE N. MEYERS

SENIOR

What great life I see

EDITH Z. KLEN

SENIOR

The best of it
Apparatus Club Day Dr. & Krenzchen
Rider Skating Club

EDWARD HARRY FEELE



Forty three

January '43



RICHARD J. HERRI
DICK

In his soul the music of us

Society Orchestra, Alfred Marshall Club



VIRGINIA LEE GREEN

Music is to April as love is to May

Soc. March Chorus, Operetta '40-'42, Musica Americana, Musica Missouriana



MARY LOU MCLAIRD
LOU

alone can exceed beauty with color

Spain, Operetta '42, Musica Missouriana, Peppercakes



CLARENCE FRANK
FRANK

If you have knowledge let others light of it

Alfred Marshall Club, Art Appreciation Club



MEREDITH STENZEL
LIZZY

An honest man's the noblest work of God

Gym Club, Football '41, '42, Operetta '42, B. A. A.



NADINE MERK
NA

It is good to have friends

Opera "Mariana", Operetta '40-'42, Pep, Skating Club, Belus, Mena



GLORIA M. EVERHARDT

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes

Peppercakes



MERLE R. BOSWELL
M

Courage to all, to more subjected

Track '40, Baseball '41, Football '40-'41-'42

January '43

EUGENE W. STELMAN

JOHN

A gentleman makes no noise Emerson

ARLENE LAVIE JERROLD

LARRY

I would be friends with you Shakespeare

ANNALE DOWLE

ANNE

There is also an time for us to rest
Love us

Pepperettes Service Club

KENNETH E. JOHANNITER

JO

I faithful friend in a strong distress
Exclamation

Girls Skating Club

ERNEST W. KURTZ

ERNEST

Music is the poetry of the air R. W. B.
Musica Americana Opera 43 Mexico
Mexico 1934

CATHERINE PRESTON

KAY

Arbitrariness ruins a great poem Aldrich

Girls Skating Club Alfred Marshall Club
Pepperettes

IRILLIAN RUBY MEYER

IRILLIAN

There is no policy like politeness Bulwer
Girls Skating Club

FRANCES LEONARD

ANN

A decent business ever meets with friends
Homer

Pepperettes La Voz de Espana Girls Skating
Club Operetta 41 G. A. A. Bowling Club



Forty five

January '43



THEODORE COLLIER
JUNIOR

To be trusted is a great

PRIDE AND AN



MARIE C. LIPKA

Member of Girls Skating Club, Senior
State 42

O. WESLEY KONRING

Mexico Americana, Ma



JOHN STANLEY ALBATTI
JUNIOR

RUTH ELIZABETH PETRINI
RUTH

Quiet persons are welcome everywhere

EVELYN A. DICKMEYER
JUNIOR



KENNETH CHARLES SCHLICHTING

Wife

Wife

January '43

ALFRED FRIEDWALD

VI

Worth makes a man a man

Service Club Bowling Club Basket

WILLIAM ANGELMAN

VII

The days that make us happy make us wise

Aired Marches Club Physicography Club Boys
Skating Club



OLIVETTE WILSON

VIII

Not good the way and true *Language*

W. Trueman Nature Club



NORMAN JOHN SINGER

IX

Speech is the index of the mind *Serious*

Student Council



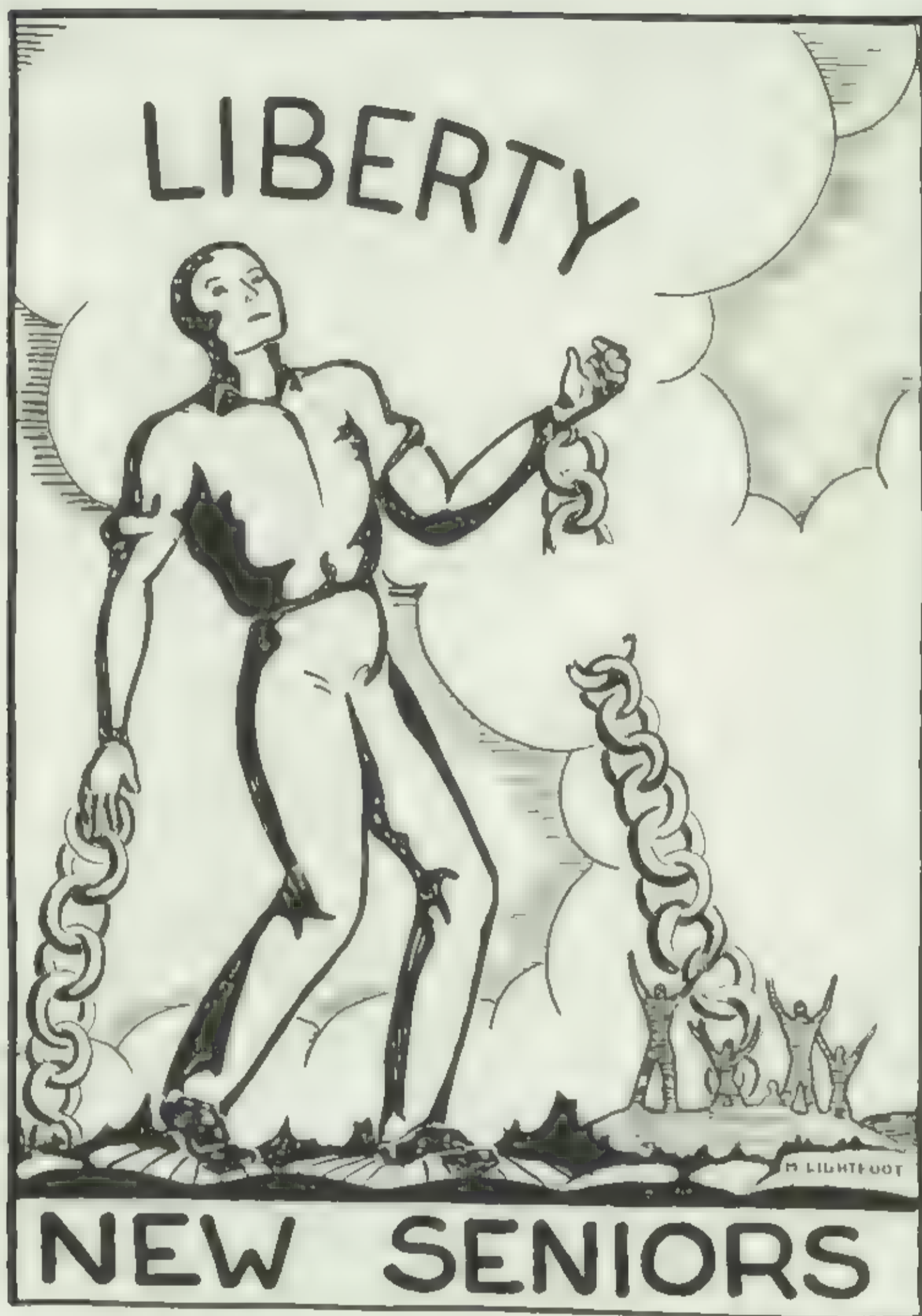
Do-ling

Senors and Senoritas

Who S...ped

Precision Work

Oh Wool



Caduceus



NEW SENIORS. A-K



NEW SENIORS. L-Z

NEW SENIORS

IAN CROWDER

In the year of 1939, a bewildered group of youngsters enrolled in William Beaumont High School. Now, over three years later, that group has entered its senior year with the breath of the draft board hot upon its neck. Yes, the New Seniors have stepped into the shoes of those who are now Seniors, and, from all appearances, there is going to be a shortage of shoes. The class of June '43 is the largest class in the history of the yet young Beaumont High School. Approximately four hundred seventh-termers are registered in the office files.

Until now, for the average New Senior there has been nothing but six terms of almost incessant drudgery. But now, a new light has been thrown on the situation. As the saying goes, "From now on, it's all meat and no potatoes." That is, as far as the entertainment and "good times" go. As usual there will be a dancing class for all the "pore chillun that ain't hep." With the string of parties and dances on the New Senior-Senior roster, I would advise anyone who can't "cut a rug" to learn, but quickly. That reminds me, I have an appointment with Arthur Murray.

The much coveted honor of being class president has been voted to the "Honorable" Jack McKnight, with Betty Cooper, the amicable cheerleader, being given the vice-president nod. So, after a comparatively speedy start, the New Senior Class has elected those who, with the sponsors' aid, will lead the class for the rest of its high-school existence.

President	Jack McKnight
Vice-President	Betty Cooper
Treasurer	Robert Drummond
Secretary	Elaine McFarson
"Digest" Correspondent	Earl Wells
CADUCEUS Correspondent	Ian Crowder
Student Council Representatives	(Dorothy Allen
	Albert DuRocher
	Clara Simpson
	Edgar Draper
Executive Committee	Alice Saunders
	Paul Schulze
	Miss Quellmalz
	Miss Cunningham
Sponsors	Mr. Hall

"When the time of peace comes, the citizen will again have a duty, the supreme duty of sacrificing the lesser interest for the greater interest of the General Welfare."

THE COMMON MEN

WILLIAM FURRY

*Satan! Listen to my song
We are the common men!
We each hear Liberty's sweet call
Above the battle din.*

*We are the guardians of the world
We are the common men!
We see a war-torn world today
But we are bound to win.*

*And Justice comes and pleads with us
To win for her the world
And Liberty is singing out:
And Freedom's flag's unfurled*

*Our children's children will be soon
All ignorant of fear.
They never shall know tyranny.
For God will be too near.*

*And Satan. Wait to hear it all
We are the common men!
We have no tyrant's bloody hands:
Our hands are free from sin*

*Our brains are not corroded 'wau
Our hearts are loyal and true.
We make just laws. We worship God.
From thought we banish you*

*Soon our descendants shall come forth
Into a world that's clean
And none will find a battlefield,
But country pastures green.*

*You cannot win because of this
We are the common men!
And on our side the Lord will be
To show us how to win*

*An era new approaches us.
For it we wait . . . And then
Our good Lord shall look down upon
The World of Common Men!*

LITERATURE

Dryden

Defoe

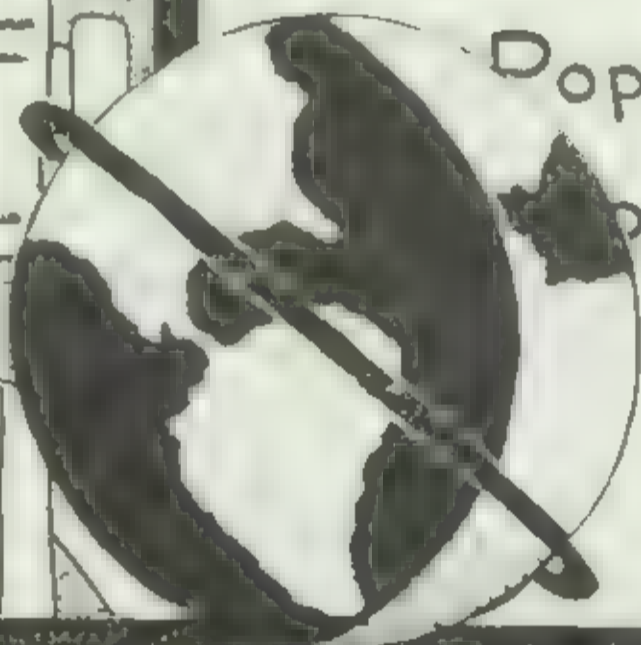
Swift

Addison

Steele

Dope

oller



CAROL HOBBS

HALL OF FAME

Caduceus

EVIDENCE, TOO LATE

MELVA MARTY

ONE thought has remained uppermost in the minds of many of the children in our little Missouri town, since the discovery of the hidden chambers in the old deserted mansion near the river. It is "We played there so many times and never suspected such a thing? Why couldn't we have found it?"

Now the property of the late Captain Howard Stanley's heirs, the house, which has been a familiar landmark to all residents of the vicinity since long before the Civil War, is situated in a large grove of trees not far from the business section of the town. The heirs have left their ancestral home uninhabited and unguarded. In the meantime, the boys and girls have literally taken possession.

One morning in early May four boys were amusing themselves by re-exploring the structure for the hundredth time. They had just concluded their inspection of the attic and were about to descend to the third floor, when one of their number, Kenneth Blackstone, by name, straddled the broad bannister and slid from view. Upon reaching the bottom of the stairs, his friends were astonished to see a gaping hole in the wall. Peering cautiously inside, they saw Kenneth slowly climbing a narrow flight of steps. Unable to stop himself as he slid, he had flown against the wall. The impact had caused the carved paneling to swing back and Kenneth had rolled down the steps.

Although shaken by his fall, Kenneth was excited. "Let's explore the passage!" The others were as enthusiastic as he. After a brief discussion, Billy Ryan and Gene Hartwell were dispatched for flashlights while Kenneth and Warren Hayes guarded their find.

As the boys eagerly entered the passage, the panel swung shut behind them. Snapping on their lights, they found themselves at the top of a narrow winding stairway. The walls were of stone and were covered with layers of dust, which drifted into nostrils as they walked. Following the stairs downward, the procession reached a landing where several passages met to form a broad hall. Warren led the way down the latter until their progress was halted by a large iron door, which, to their dismay, stubbornly refused to open. Just as they were about to turn back, Gene's eye rested upon the door-latch which was held fast by a rusty padlock. Grasping this, he pulled sharply and the ring snapped. As the creaking of the rusty hinges echoed through the passages, the boys shivered in anticipation of what lay on the other side of the door.

Upon stepping cautiously inside, they began to flash their lights about the room. The beams from Billy's light rested on something white. As he moved closer in order to discern the object more clearly, Kenneth cried: "Jumpin' Juniper! Let's get out of here!"

No sooner had he said this than the others were gone. They dashed down the passageway and up the steps. At the top they found that the panel would not reopen. Groping about in the dark, Gene discovered a small spring, which he pulled vigorously. A cracking sound was heard, and they once more saw daylight. Uttering sighs of relief they stumbled from the passage. In the lead as usual, Kenneth ran towards the stairway—but to his surprise, a huge stone fireplace occupied its site. For the first time, the boys took note of their surroundings. They were in the old kitchen—not in the third floor hall! Somewhere down in that dark and winding passage, they had taken the wrong turn and had found another entrance!

Leaving Billy and Warren on guard, Kenneth and Gene ran from the house to the nearby business office of the latter's father, where they eagerly recited

Caduceus

snatches of their tale of adventure. Mr. Hartwell was at first inclined to treat their incoherent remarks lightly, but as gradually the story became more clear, his curiosity roused. Grabbing the telephone, he summoned his friend, Police Captain Ware, who hesitantly agreed to meet them at the house.

The men vainly tried to detect the combinations of the panels but were obliged to request Kenneth to slide down the bannister once more. Upon examination of the hidden room and its contents, Captain Ware placed a police guard about the house. Somehow he had to find the story of the skeletons. Astonishingly, after examination, they proved to be those of negroes. With the publication of the discovery came many stories and speculations from all sorts of people.

Several days later as the boys were sitting on the front steps of the house, they caught sight of a stooped figure hobbling towards them on crutches. As it drew nearer, they recognized old Jim, the town patriarch.

Tossing his head in order to throw his long white hair from his eyes, he whined, "Could you boys lead me to the Cap'n? I know sompin' 'bout this affair."

With a friendly smile, Warren led him into the drawing room where the officer was examining utensils taken from the passage. The others followed close behind. Old Jim placed himself in front of the policeman and smiled as he announced, "Cap'n, I know you've heard a lot of stories 'bout this hidden room, but I know the right one. I was jest a little shaver when it all happened—but I still remember!"

Captain Ware smiled tolerantly as the old man began: "It was in the winter of 1864, the Civil War was still in progress. Cap'n Stanley was an officer in the Union Army, but his family lived here. Lots of people suspected that his house was a station for the underground railway, but no one would come right out and say it. The Cap'n was at home at this time on sick-leave and lots of peculiar things were doin' up here—signaling from the watch tower on the roof and the like. Well, while the Cap'n was home, one night a detachment of Confed'rate soldiers were seen ridin' towards his house. Someone warned Stanley. When the soldiers arrived, they found nothin'. Cap'n Stanley was gone, too, but they gave chase and caught him. He was placed in prison and his servants were taken away. The house was closed up. These skeletons must be those of some of the sick runaway slaves who were placed in the secret room when word came that the Confed'rates were on their way."

"And they were unable to help themselves because the servants were gone and the house was closed," broken in Warren eagerly.

"That's right, sonny," said old Jim. "They died there. Several months after the war was over, Cap'n Stanley came home. Many people questioned him about his part in the helping slaves to escape but he always put 'em off somehow. He was quiet about it until he died nigh onto thirty-five years ago."

"Undoubetdly, the Captain found the dead slaves after his return," concluded Captain Ware by now intensely interested. "We know that the iron door was placed there later than 1865. He must have also sealed the passages and destroyed their combinations in order to save his secret from becoming known."

"Yep, that was probably it," agreed the old man as he reached for his crutches. "I've told you all I know," he concluded as he left the room.

The eyes of the boys and the policeman followed him until he disappeared from sight.

Turning from the window, Captain Ware remarked, "After all of the Captain's precautions, you boys unwittingly stumbled on the evidence which, seventy-five years ago would have sent him before a Confederate firing-squad. Well, with this, the case is closed now."

Caduceus

WOULD YOU BE A HERO?

EHRET RAMEY

*I've read of national heroes in the news,
But I would like to hear the hero's views
Of how he sank a hated Nazi sub
Or killed six Japs, his rifle for a club;
Just how he felt when face to face with death
When forced to fight or draw his final breath
I wonder if his hero's heart has missed
A beat as he imagined that grim list
Of men who would not to their homes return.
Was he not harried by an urge to turn
And leave those wretched, bloody men alone,
To give their lives? He cared more for his own!
While driven near to madness by such thought,
He may have recollected what was bought
When such as he had voiced their battle-cry
And fought in '76 and dared to die.*

*If this he thought—and well, I think, he might—
I see from whence his courage came to fight.
We wave the flag, and of brave deeds we sing.
But doing deeds is quite another thing
I'd like to be a hero like him, too,
But I wonder if I'd have the nerve. Would you?*

THE SNOWFLAKE'S MESSAGE

GEORGIA MARQUARD

*Sailing lightly downward
From a cold, gray sky,
Falls a crystal snowflake
Silently wavering by.*

*His first uncertain snowflake,
Dispatched from heaven above,
Seems to bear a message
That it's time for scarf and glove—*

*A message reappearing
With each successive season,
Which tells us that Dame Winter reigns,
With whom man cannot reason*

*An epoch of short days
And endless night ensues—
But who'd desire continuous summer,
Even if he could choose?*

"The people are on the march toward even fuller freedom than the most fortunate peoples of the earth have hitherto enjoyed."

GOOD NIGHT, SUZY!

FLOYD VAN SICKLE

"**I**V-TUM DE-DUM."

Ah, yes! Rufus was happy. At last a date with that snappy number that he'd daydreamed about and goggled at for three long years! Two last pats of "ba'r grease" and a violent swish to push up a huge wave in his mop-like hair, and he was ready. Looking into the mirror, he thought, "Well, why not? If I were a girl, I could go for me in a big way. I've got the longest coat in school, and I'm hep, ain't I?" A little jig at this point convinced him: yes, he was hep. Sliding into his knee-length sport coat and tightening his Windsor, he yelled downstairs, "Ma, what time is it?"

"Quarter to nine," she answered

"Quarter to nine. Oh, plenty of time—*quarter to nine!* Oh, my goodness! Just time to catch the old 8.47."

Down the steps, seven at a time, he flew by so fast he missed his mother and kissed the mail-box on the front porch. The staccato of his new brogues on the pavement rose in tempo as the old 8:47 was seen in the distance.

"I'll head it off at Elm Street. (Puff, puff!) I'll take the short cut through the lot. (Puff, puff!)"

Yes, the lot was a good short cut—in the daytime. Stubs of weeds and rocks made it tough on Rufus, but he cut a swathe through the maze of vegetation like a lawnmower. Flying into the alley, he had the misfortune to step on a tin can. "(Censored)"! he thought as he hit the cobblestones with a bang. No time to moan. Up Rufus got, with the persistence of a Commando. Yes, he could just make it. As he pulled up at the corner of Elm and Zoot Route, he found he had *won* the race of man against the machine. In the hard seat of the old 8.47, he took stock of his injuries and losses.

"Considering the intensity of the action," he commented, quoting frequent War Department communiques, "losses were relatively light."

What Rufus did not know was that "ba'r grease" had melted and covered his forehead with a queer green film.

As the conductor called out "Jive Drive," Rufus got off, whistling like a teakettle. Pretty ritzy neighborhood that Suzy lived in! She was the cheerleader at school; she was a "glamour girl;" she was smart—sometimes. All the fellows dated Suzy. She had a waiting-list like the employment office at Lockheed. He ought to know. He'd asked her to go skating last February, and here he was taking her to the November Prom.

"Let's see, now. Turn left at La Conga Boulevard. Yes, that's the house—the big white one on the corner."

As he came to the white steps, he made sure of the address. There it was in small black letters: 123 La Conga. He felt like a man walking the last mile. He trembled miserably as he lifted the knocker. After what seemed like hours, the door opened. Doing his best to appear debonair, he lifted his left brogue to go in. There in the doorway was Crusher Schmaltz, the fullback. Rufus gulped loudly and stammered, "Is Susan in?"

Crusher growled something and stood aside, allowing the light from the living-room to shine out on the porch. Rufus supposed he had said yes; so

Caduceus

he put his left brogue down. Once inside the living-room with Crusher, he felt at ease. Schmaltz wasn't so big, only about six feet three and a scant two hundred and forty pounds.

Glancing at Rufus's coat, Crusher remarked, "'S matter? Got patches on the knees of your pants?"

Rufus thought, "I don't have to stand for that. I ought to punch him one, but Suzy wouldn't like it. I'll bet he sleeps in that letter-sweater." But Rufus said nothing.

At last Suzy glided down the staircase with the ease that can come from no other source than the "Tune-Town Shuffle."

"Well, hello! . . . Rufus, isn't it?"

"Mmmmmmm . . . What? Ah, yes, yes—Rufus," he stammered, aghast at this bit of loveliness.

Crusher was now thumbing nonchalantly through the current issue of 'Esquire.'

"Crusher has offered to drive us to the dance," she said, smiling warmly.

Crusher looked up from his magazine, which influenced to a great extent Rufus' answer.

"Whatever you say," he said gaily (and artificially).

On the way to the hall Crusher said little and Rufus less. But Suzy was all teeth and tonsils. Rufus had to admit: she was awreet. He was glad when they finally shook Crusher, who didn't have a coat; and all he had underneath his sweater was a wide variety of T shirts, some marked in blazing black letters "Underwear."

Inside the hall it was no better. Suzy knew everybody and none knew Rufus except to squeeze his hand unmercifully and say, "Grunt runt." He fumbled around on the first dance and cursed his brogues on the next one. Gaylord Rothschild, the school Joe-boy, cut in on the third dance. After it was over and he had brought Suzy back, he brazenly told Rufus that he should be grateful, for he would probably have muffed it anyway. Rufus was inclined to agree, since it was a rhumba. Never in his life had he seen a girl who could drink "coke" like Suzy. What a girl! She would make some lucky fellow a wonderful wife.


He wondered if he was making any headway. Did he look all right? Suzy was a wonderful conversationalist. But every time he tried to say something in his meek way, he was cut off by Suzy yelling, "Hi, Joe!—Moe!—Ted!—Fred!" or something. She gave him all the dirt about who was going steady, who had broken up. Most of them Rufus had never heard of. But she sure could dance! What a cat! She wore three fellows out that night, and he was one of them. Was he tired! But that was his *feet's* worry, not his!

On the way home, as they were walking down Awreet Street, Suzy held his hand. A shock went from his heels to the rooster tail that stuck out on his grease-plastered head. Wait until they got home! He wasn't known as a front-porch wolf for nothing. But fate was unkind, for as they turned on to La Conga Boulevard Rufus could distinguish Crusher's huge bulk on her front porch. So he had to be contented with a gentleman's farewell.

"'Everywhere the common people are on the march.'"

MIKE COMES BACK

IAN CROWDER

 IT WAS one of those clear, crisp, carefree mornings, and the clouds were strictly cirrus; the time, a few weeks after the beginning of the Solomon Islands battle. Matthew McCarthy and Patrick O'Flaherty were jogging along the countryside in a peaceful rural district near New York. Matthew McCarthy was a half-pint trainer, and Pat O'Flaherty was an up-and-coming boxer. Pat had been brought up in the East Side of New York, under the guidance of his older brother, Michael O'Flaherty. Pat's mother had died when he was still a kid in three-cornered pants. His father, who left the two boys shortly after their mother's death, hadn't been heard of since. Mike had been ambitious enough to work his way through "med" school and get a commission in the Marine Corps after graduation.

"Come on, Pat, me lad. Here 'tis only a week till the bout and you're still soft as a tomato."

"Phew! Can't we stop awhile, Matt? This roadwork is getting me down."

"Okay, okay; get back to the camp and pound the bag till chow. And don't let me catch you loafing or I'll tan your no good Irish hide."

On the way back to camp Pat was angry with himself. Why, he was letting Matt down, wasn't he?

"I need that roadwork worse than anything," he thought. "Well, from now on I'm going to get in there and pitch. Not only for my own sake but for Matt's."

Matt had watched the two O'Flaherty boys grow up and had come to love them both like his own sons. Whenever either of the two got into trouble, Matt was there to give them good, sound, fatherly advice. When Pat had decided to take up boxing as a profession, it was taken for granted that Matt would be the trainer.

Later in the same day, Matt was talking to Paul Richardson, the owner of the camp where Pat was training.

"I feel sorry for the kid," Matt said. "Ever since the news came that his brother was reported missing on Guadalcanal, he has been acting like a lost sheep."

"I understand that Pat's brother was with the medical detachment on the Solomons," Paul answered.

"That's right, Mike's as fine a lad as ever came out of the other side of town, too."

"Can it," whispered Paul: "here comes the kid now."

"Gee, Matt, I tried, but my heart just ain't in it. Can't I lay off the rest of the day?"

"Sure, kid, go ahead, but you're going to have to work hard the rest of the week. From reports, this Casey lad is going to be a hard nut to crack."

Caduceus

"Yeah, yeah, I know. I'll do the best I can. I've decided to enlist after the fight. If anything has happened to Mike, those almond-eyed jerks are gonna pay for it." Pat had idolized Mike ever since he had been able to say brudder.

"Well, go get yourself some rest, boy."

"Okay, thanks, Matt. S'long."

The week passed, and only because of Matt's continued driving was Pat in half-way decent condition. In the dressing-room he sat listlessly on his dressing table, attired in blue shorts, his hands taped as is the usual procedure. Ordinarily a fighter, fighting his first battle in the Garden, is on needles and pins. But not so with Pat. His mind was thousands of miles away. Eight thousand, seven hundred and fifty to be exact.

"Come on, let's see a little life in you," Matt prodded. "You're due in about five minutes."

The minutes dragged by like hours for Matt, but finally the time came when they made their way down the aisle to the ring. Pat drew a nice round of applause as he climbed through the ropes. His opponent was already in the ring. The announcer was about to make an announcement.

As the announcer introduced the boys and gave their weights, etc., Matt was busy giving last minute instructions to Pat. The boys were motioned out to the center of the ring to get instructions and shake hands. The seconds left the ring and the bell sounded starting the first round. Round one was all Casey. Pat looked like a sick kid trying to stave off imminent defeat.

"Keep away from him," Matt kept yelling. "Don't slug with him."

Round two, three and four all were taken by Casey. It was a massacre. Pat managed to get the fifth on a low blow, but at this rate he would never last the ten rounds.

"Come on Pat, boy. Snap out of it." Matt encouraged him as he soothed the many cuts on the pugilist's face.

The sixth and seventh came and went and all were Casey's rounds. In the eighth Pat went down, but the bell stopped the count at eight.

Pat made his way dazedly back to his corner and plopped heavily on his stool. It was several seconds before he was conscious of the one-armed man speaking to him from the side of the ring.

"Come on, Pat, win this one for me."

Pat cast an agonized glance in the direction of the voice.

"Huh? Holy smoke, Mike! Your arm. What happ—Where'd you—How come you—?"

Well, Pat was almost too stricken to speak when he saw his brother Mike standing next to him, looking like a tin salvage depot.

"Jeepers," exclaimed Pat, "with all that tin on your chest you look like Gen. McArthur. But your arm, what happ—?"

"Never mind about me, we'll talk about that later. I'll tell you what. If you give this bum the licking you're able to give him, I'll buy chocolate sodas for the three of us at "Pop" Mulroney's, just like old times, huh? Is it a deal?"

(Continued on page 63.)

YOU'D BETTER BE FUNNY!

FLOYD VAN SICKLE

LET'S see now. According to instructions, you have to have something humorous to hand in tomorrow. The mere fact that you flunked a test, were badly bruised in "gym", and had your girl throw you over for another fellow means nothing. By all rights you should *be* funny. But you'd better be *funny* or that up-and-coming young assistant of yours will no longer be an assistant.

Well, you sit and think! (No comments, please.) Going over today's events, what happened to you that was funny? Nothing—the entire day was *humorous*. The teachers of *Examinations* have definitely entered upon a plan to make you feel very *unhappy*. Perhaps one of them is a nephew who wants a job.

It certainly couldn't be because you didn't study for that test. It wasn't your fault that you stood suddenly in front of six fellows on the track during *gym*. You were *deranged* and it was *really* because you had to go over to *her* house last Saturday night. No, it wasn't *your* fault. The world is, without a doubt, against you.

No one to inspire you, no one to console you in your desperation. Now you know what it is that *she* meant when she said, "See, there are some things in life that you will have to face alone."

Maybe you could copy something out of a book. No, you don't have the energy to even *do* that. Besides, there are such things as copyrights. Anyway, you're original (it says here).

Well, sit down and concentrate. Come on now, think—: now if I had squared that *second* and *third* the *result* as the *mean* proportional between the—, no, no, no, you're writing something for the year-book. Now try hard:—"Wonder what they have at the Bijou tonight." *You're wondering again!*

So you write something down. Then you erase it. You write something else down and look at it—*stinks*, doesn't it? Yes, it does. So you erase it again. *Go on, just keep your draft*—this is a good beginning. It shows that you use discrimination. You're not going to submit just anything, are you?—Well, are you?


Oh, dash it all, why didn't they lower the draft age to sixteen? Maybe you'd be sent to—No, they're not sending troops *there* yet!

Before you can go any further, you must have a glass of water. Refreshed, you sit down. Now you're really cooking with H₂O.

Writing the entire night, you produce two miserable "*specimens*". (Modesty is the best policy.) You present them. The teacher reads them. She looks at you, blankly. You look at her—blankly. Her next statement had best remain a blank. You say something in your own behalf, since no one else will. Yes, you *guessed* that that up-and-coming young assistant of yours is no longer an assistant.

LUCKY BAG

BRUCE WRIGHT

 IN THE cold, lead-colored waters of the northern Pacific, near that outstretched, pointing finger of the Aleutians, a sleek, camouflaged Japanese destroyer met the teeth of a flying gale with oily easiness. She was a sly ship, escaping time after time from the shrewd traps of the Americans, once at Midway and twice in the Solomons. Once she had lain hidden close to a jungle shore waiting for her engines to be repaired, and then, while slipping away, she had been attacked by a submarine and had escaped the vengeance of an angry people.

The commanding officer who sat deep in the recesses of a leather armchair, set cunningly in his narrow quarters, was not the corpulent example of self-indulgence found among the Japanese fighting men. He was inordinately proud of his lean figure, as well as of his Oxford-acquired accent. His glasses were not thick, horn-rimmed ones but elegant pince-nez. At the moment, he seemed preoccupied and a trifle uneasy. His glasses spun round and round his long, bony fingers, and his beady eyes kept shifting to the silver-mounted calendar on his desk. Outside, a heavy fog flowed and eddied, accelerated by a brisk wind. There was no accounting for the uneasiness he felt, at least to his mind, except for a thin thread of memory tangled far back in a cobweb of unused thoughts, which he struggled to trace.

The crew were unhampered by such a problem and went about accomplishing their work routine, but with an eye also on the calendar. They expected a visit to their home port soon, after a brief sojourn in the Aleutians. The course was northeast and the orders simple: "Remove submarine menace for large task force to follow."

Not many miles away, and some fathoms down, another crew performed a routine, not perfunctorily but with a purpose set in mind. The purpose? To destroy a prey that had escaped once but whose fate was now certain. The long, black hull of their ship had lain on the surface all the night before, clanking her buttresses till the rough weather set in. They had caught sight, by chance, of an enemy destroyer bearing north. All day the submarine had trailed the destroyer's motors and watched her northeast course. Now the commanding officer was at his desk, merely a board hung from the steel wall of the submarine. Lying on it was a copy of the *Lucky Bag*, the Annapolis annual for 1932. Without touching the book he could see, as if through the cover, the face of his friends, and he wondered what each one would be doing this year. He had heard of the fate of a few and was proud to be ringing the Pacific to avenge their death. Almost in spite of himself, the thought crossed his mind that he might not see any of them again, but it was banished by a curt "Ready, sir!" from the speaking-tube at his elbow. Rising to return to the periscope, he noted the date recorded in the log-book—13. Friday, the 13th—an opportune time for bad luck—for the Japanese, he hoped.

Aboard the destroyer the other officer had found his thread of memory but hesitated to act upon it. A senseless superstition that should have no place in the mind of a Japanese officer. He opened the door and went to the bridge.

The ship knifed the waves and then plunged into caldron-like depressions of boiling sea, from which wisps of fog arose. The truth was that he did not like the sea—the cold and the storms and the loneliness—nor the job that

Caduceus

had been forced upon him. When the war was over he would choose a wife to take to America, and there he would live, perhaps in Colorado or New Mexico, far from the sea, and rule those stupid people strongly and teach them to obey orders.

Then suddenly a parting of the fog exposed a small stretch of eager waves. The binoculars which he had swiftly raised showed him a significant detail on the surface, a wake of white pointing at right angles to the destroyer's hull and almost touching it. His shout into the speaking-tube, if indeed it was ever uttered, was lost in a mighty explosion. As the ship broke in two and thrust bow and stern into the grey waves, the wind rose and lifted the fog over a huge whirlpool where the wreckage was being sucked down. No one on either ship saw that on the edge of the whirlpool a pince-nez was spinning around and around

MIKE COMES BACK

(Continued from page 60)

"Is it a deal? Just watch my smoke this round. Oh, oh, there's the bell. See 'ya' later, leatherneck."

Pat streaked out to the center of the ring, an inspired fighter. He wasted no time at all tearing into Casey. Before Pat knew it, he was back in his corner, hugging Mike and listening to the announcement coming over the loudspeaker.

"The winner, by a knockout, after one minute and fifty seconds of the ninth round, Pat O'Flaherty."

"Nice going, lad," Matt gleefully shouted. "I knew you could do it."

"Well, how about those sodas, you old blitzkrieg?" remarked Pat.

"Look what's calling me a blitzkrieg."

With that the three grinning men marched triumphantly up the aisle to the cheers of the great throng. Nevertheless, there were tears in the eyes of all three

"Everywhere the soul of man is letting the tyrant know that slavery of the body does not end resistance."

Caduceus

HEROES, ALL!

AUDREY VOSS

*Our boys marched past in state review,
Khaki clad and navy blue,
Brave, determined, heads held high,
Our gallant heroes paraded by

How proud they walked with flag unfurled,
A valiant shout to all the world,
As if to say "We're bound to win
And joy and peace shall reign again."

And from the crowd there came a prayer
To God, to help them "over there."
I hat they who fight, fight not in vain,
And this our goal, we shall attain.*

FOR VICTORY

DORIS KRAEMER

*V is for victory,
For the red, white, and blue
I'm buying war stamps;
Are you buying some too?

I'm saving tin cans, metal, and tubes,
And this I hope you are doing, too,
To keep our flag waving,
Away up in the blue.*

SOME DAY

JAY SIMPSON

*I love to hear the planes go by,
And see them overhead,
I hear them fly throughout the day,
And even when I'm in bed

I try to figure which is which,
Just listening to their sound,
And always wish that I were there,
Instead of on the ground,

Someday I'll be away up there
Flying that highway blue,
Then I'll look down and to you say,
"Look, I'm a pilot, too."*

"Strong in the Strength of the Lord, we who fight in the people's cause
will never stop until that cause is won."

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

FLORENCE GREIMAN

ALl night the rain had been pounding hard on the thin roof of the cabin situated deep in the woods. Inside, Dick and Bob, lying on their hard cots, were feeling very much dejected, for they, with their families, were spending the week-end here, and didn't want it ruined by rain. The next day had been appointed to go up the river and explore the cave which had been the object of so much wonder and excitement to them.

In the morning, contrary to the weather of the previous night, the sun was shining warmly and everything in the woods looked fresh and sparkling. The rain, washing away the banks, had made the river rather muddy. The crisp morning air gave spark to the adventurous spirit of the boys as they fastened the out-board motor to the boat and sped up the river, armed with flashlights.

After traveling for about a mile and a half, they pulled over to the right side of the river, where the air suddenly became very cool. The water in this cove, unlike the warm water in the rest of the river, was icy, for at this point a spring came dishing out of the rocks, chilling the air and water thereabouts. The water gurgled pleasantly over the rocks as Dick and Bob pulled the boat up on the land, and fastened it securely. The icy water, as they stepped into it, made them scream with shock, but they continued to walk in it until they came to the rocks from which the spring gushed forth. The entrance to the cave looked very black and forbidding. They summoned courage and stooped to enter the low opening.

It was very dark inside, the only light being a small ray that came through the hole by which they had entered.

"Lucky we brought our flashlights," whispered Dick to his companion. Somehow the solitude and mystery of their surroundings made it impossible to speak above a whisper.

Further into the cave they crept, hesitating with each step. They were no longer in water, but all the rocks around them were quite damp. Their flashlights showed them that they were in a huge cavity of the rocks, something like an immense room. Already they were feeling chills, either of terror or of cold; they knew not which. Along the walls in several places were openings leading into passageways.

"Hey, Dick, which one of these should we take?" Bob asked.

"I don't know. This one looks good. Suppose we try it," was his friend's reply.

"Okay, you lead the way."

The hallway was rather wide at first, and high enough for them to stand upright without difficulty. As they advanced, however, it became narrower and lower, so that it was necessary to walk in a crouched position. By this time the two explorers were freezing and had begun to feel a little numb. Gradually, as the corridor got lower and lower, they had to crawl on their stomachs. It seemed to them that they must have crawled in this manner for a length of a city block. By this time, though neither confessed it, each of the boys was beginning to be thoroughly afraid. Finally they emerged from the passage and stood up. They found themselves once again in a huge chasm of space, and before them lay a lake. A narrow rim of sandy rock enabled them to walk around it.

"Jeepers, I didn't expect to find anything like this," whispered Dick. "I wonder if we can go any farther."

Caduceus

"I don't think so. We seem to be facing a solid mass of rock. I guess this is as far as we go."

"Liminy, let's get out of here then, before we freeze to death."

"Hey, through which passage did we come?" Bob asked, suddenly terrified.

"Gee, I don't know; I think it was this one," answered his companion.

"No, it wasn't! I know it was that one."

"Well . . . maybe so. Let's try it, anyhow."

They immediately fell on their stomachs and started crawling. Gradually, as the hallway became wider, they were able to progress on hands and knees, until finally, after what seemed an eternity, Bob shouted, "Look!"

Over to the left a gleam of light was shining through. Running over, they crawled through the opening and once again stepped into the sunlight. It seemed awfully bright to their eyes and they had difficulty in seeing as they first looked around. Then it suddenly occurred to them that they must have taken a different way out. Their boat was nowhere to be seen and this surely was not the entrance by which they had gone in. They shuddered as they thought of where another wrong passage could have led them. Not knowing exactly where they were, they started walking along the shore. The weeds were rather high, making advancement difficult. Then as they turned a corner of the rocks, they saw the outline of their boat. Such a welcome sight it was as they hastened to it and once again sped down the river toward the cabin.

GUARD DUTY

BETTY JEANS

The salesgirls, stockboys, and managers, of a store on West Florissant are having more than enough trouble with Michael, a stray alley cat, who is proving to be more trouble than he is worth. It seems that Michael—the name was given to him by the girls—was "hired" to scare away any inquisitive mice, a job at which he is succeeding nicely. But in his spare time he becomes an A number one nuisance.

The salesgirls must always have the doors to their understock closed, for Mike revels in messing up boxes filled with socks, ribbons, thread, and hardware articles. Once in awhile he even likes to curl up in a neglected sauce pan and take a nap. Naturally these actions cause the salesgirls much distress, and such remarks as "Oh, Michael, look what you've done now!" or "Get out of here, Mike!" are very common—much to the unsuspecting customer's distress and confusion.

Michael's favorite hide-out is the candy counter. The threats and switchings of the candy-girl have no effect upon him whatsoever, and he can't understand why he is not allowed to satisfy his sweet tooth whenever he chooses. Now and then Mike is rewarded with a piece of candy or a pretzel, which he handles like a real gentleman.

Every time he is caught "snooping" or messing things up, Michael gazes up at the accuser, who is usually a depressed salesgirl, and seems to say with a smile, "It's me or the mice." Knowing women the way he does, Mike is sure that his battle is won.

THE DENTIST'S REVENGE, OR I WAS DRILLED

IAN CROWDER

Ever been to the dentist, hmm? Well, there are some of us in this institution of learning, that are plagued with the misfortune of having teeth. You may wonder why I call it a misfortune. Let us suppose that you have an appointment with the dentist after school. All day during school, you fret and worry about what the bald man, with the formidable looking mechanisms in his office is going to do to you. In fact, about the fifth hour you are such a bundle of nerves that you are forced to go to the nurse's office and lie down. After school you take the longest way around to the dentist's office. Upon your arrival he makes you wait for about fifteen minutes just to make you nervous. Finally the man in the white uniform summons you from the ten-year-old magazines and gives the old Simon Legree snicker as you literally collapse into the chair. Now the dentist—let's call him Simon for purely dramatical purposes—proceeds to rub his hands together and gloat over you. By this time you have had just about every kind of hemorrhage known to medical science and more to boot.

"Open your mouth like a big boy," Simon sarcastically says.

"Omigosh," you exclaim, "what is that thing?"

"Just a harmless little drill," he replies. Harmless he calls it.

The next thing you know, there is something buzzing around in your mouth which at first you take for a P-40. The dentist tells you that you *only* have thirty-two cavities. After forty-five minutes of this agonizing torture, the dentist tells you that he has drilled all your cavities and if you will come back tomorrow he might fill them for you. You grope weakly to the street. Upon coming out of the office you find a riot squad and an inhalator crew

"What's all the commotion?" you ask the cop.

"Well, from the racket coming from in there, you'd think there was a dentist working on somebody, and—what the . . . hey, Joe! Come here. This jerk just fainted."

"When the freedom-loving people march—when opportunities are open to everyone, then the world moves straight ahead."

Caduceus

"GIVE ME CHEESE"

FLOYD VAN SICKLE



IT WAS a windy day in February as I was prowling around Grandel square for a parking place for my "limousine." You may have heard of two-tones and also of single-tones, but it is doubtful if you have ever heard of a half-tone. That's what our car is.

"Oh, boy, there's a spot!" As I pushed the gas pedal to the floor-boards, the car crept carefully up to the opening

"Now, let me see: is there room? Sure there is."

Pulling up parallel to the front car, I stopped to swing back into the space. Then I started to back in. Suddenly, the sound of a heart-chilling scrape came to my ears. "Now, let's see, that *could* be my fender scraping the *other* fender." Pushing on the handle of the right door in vain, I came to a conclusion. Yes, it *was* my fender scraping the other fender.

I could do one of two things. I could stay and face the music like a man, or I could leave the scene like a rat. Well, what's in a name, I thought. Besides, I like cheese. Shoving it into low, I high-tailed it like a scared rabbit. This may sound cowardly to the average person, but on the other hand the average person doesn't know my father or his physical abilities.

I was confronted with the stark reality of what I had done. I needed a lift of some kind. So I stopped at the next place, careful to watch the curb and avoid the right side, and ordered a straight coke. The situation required thought. So I thought—for an hour and a half. Not that I was afraid to go home, mind you. Banish the thought, my friend. The matter simply required tact. Maybe the car wasn't badly damaged.

"Stop kidding yourself," I said aloud: "it probably looks like it was rammed by a General Grant."

It couldn't be put off forever; so I went out to look. Not so bad! Just a little of the other car's paint on my front fender. And, for our car, paint in any form is an improvement.

Optimistically I headed for home. Still in all, I was a bit apprehensive about Dad's seeing the car as it was. Slowly a crude idea crept into my brain. I could put it in the garage and Dad would take it in the morning without noticing it. When he finally did discover it, he would think, quite possibly, that it was done while *he* had had the car. This plan was carried out to the letter. Dad came home the next night cursing that fellow who scraped his fender.

"But, Dad," I said in my most innocent tone, "it almost matches!"

"I don't care," he said: "I'd hate to think of what I'd do to the fellow that scraped my fender and didn't stop."

"Yeah," I gulped, "me too."

Now I could confess like a man or I could keep it to myself like a rat. But as I said before, what's in a name? So if you people don't tell him, I suppose he will never know. And that's all right with me

BOYS' GYM

BRUCE WRIGHT

The white-clad figures huddled together in the cold light of dawn, shivering with dread as *he* approached. His smile was as bright as a newly minted coin. While they looked down at their bare blue legs, he shouted, "Isn't it glorious here in the snow?"

"All right, you morons, let's form a straight line." They formed a line and then straightened when he bared his teeth. "First, we'll try a very simple exercise—*he* lectured—and to demonstrate leaped nimbly over the goal post. When the creatures exchanged distressed looks, he said, "Well, I know that's too simple; so we'll try an exercise which is a trifle harder." "You, there," he said, pointing to a trembling senior, "Pick up yourself by the hair and hold yourself at arm's length. Ain't it a snap?"

By this time they were perspiring in sheer terror. "Well, if you can't do that little thing, try this. Raise your right legs." They obliged. "Now raise your left legs." They again obliged, and the resounding crash could be heard even above the thunder of the machine shops, the roar (I mean harmony) in 302, and even the asthmatic trombone player's practicing.

They creaked upright until they were once more in place. Groaning inwardly, they listened to his next orders. "We'll try a little running now. Fifty times around the track—that isn't so very much, is it?"

They ran around once and then, as each one waded through his own private pool of perspiration, came to a stop and re-formed their lines.

"Now listen, you mugs, if you can't look like me in two weeks, you'll be classed as mentally unbalanced. I think this class is that way already. Your newly-found muscles will help you beat the Japs, too." (One "New-Jay" was heard to say later that he looked like a man of steel as he glared at them through ball-bearing eyes.)

The disgruntled, dejected, disgraced and disintegrated creatures looked at each other with the hope fading from their eyes, said, "Oh," and quietly collapsed.



Don't Strain Yourself!



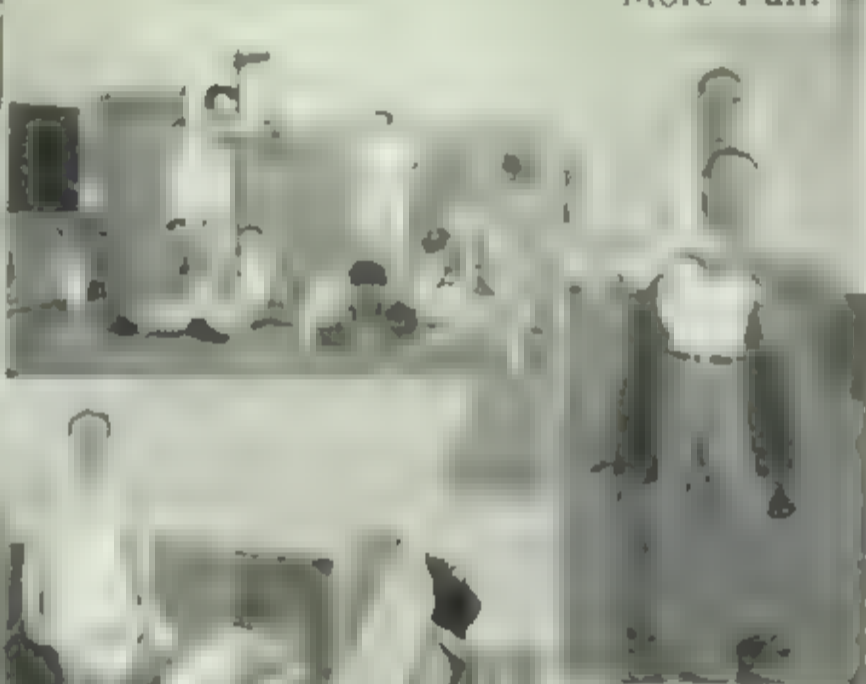
Perfection

Rest Period

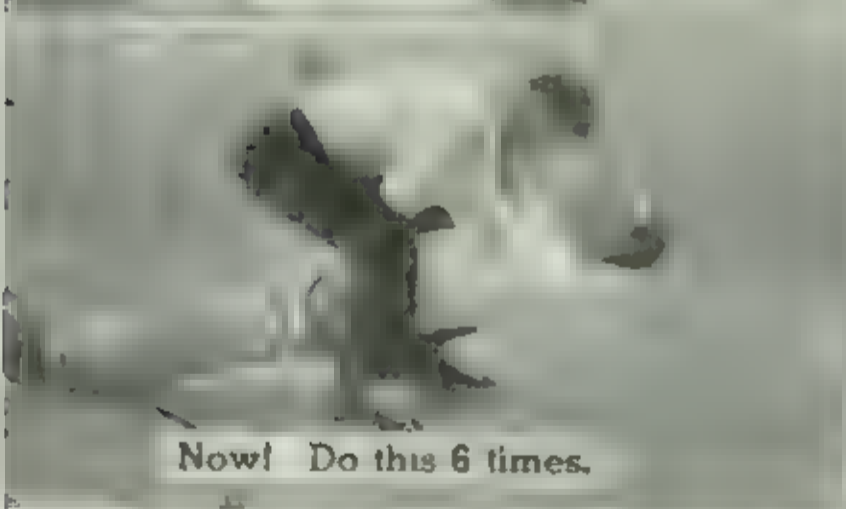
More Fun!



Head Work



W. P. A.?



Now! Do this 6 times.



Gee!

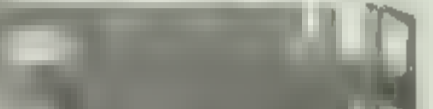
On Parade



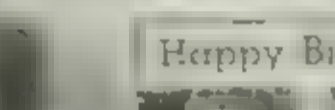
Moral Support



Pause that Refreshes



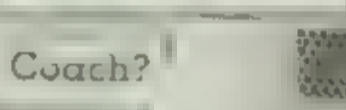
41-32 3 Hike!



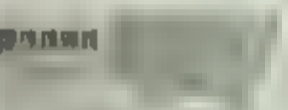
Happy Birthday!



Test Tube Sense



Right. Coach?



Hard Work.



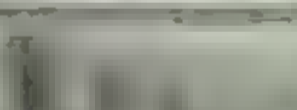
5' 10"



Do you see it?



'T ain't Funny



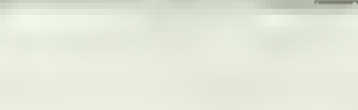
Lose your wallet hmmm?



Gimme 5!



Three Musketeers





What's Cooking?



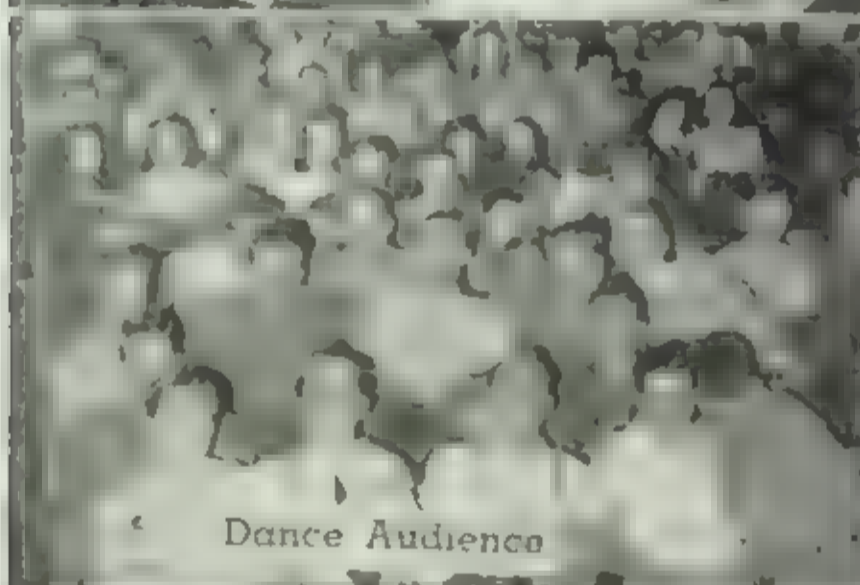
Too Bad!



Doodling



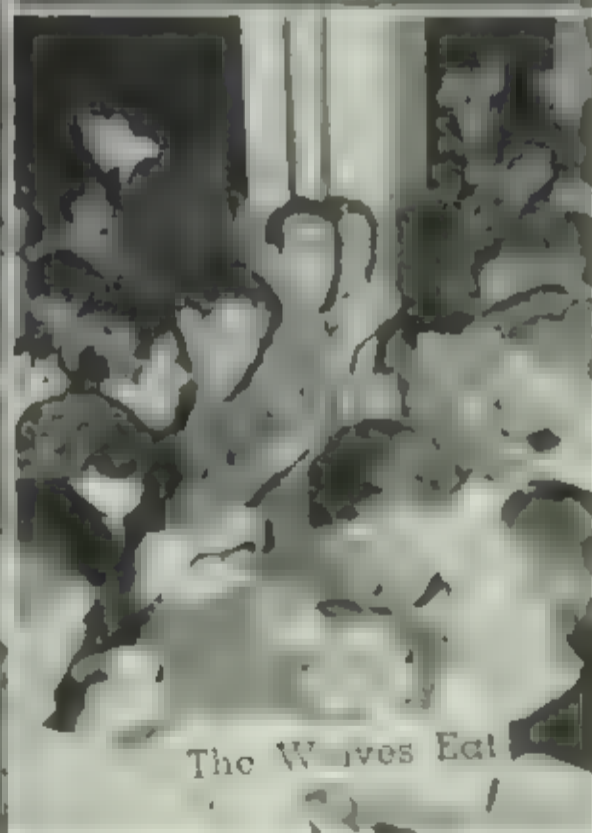
Yo Grrrr!



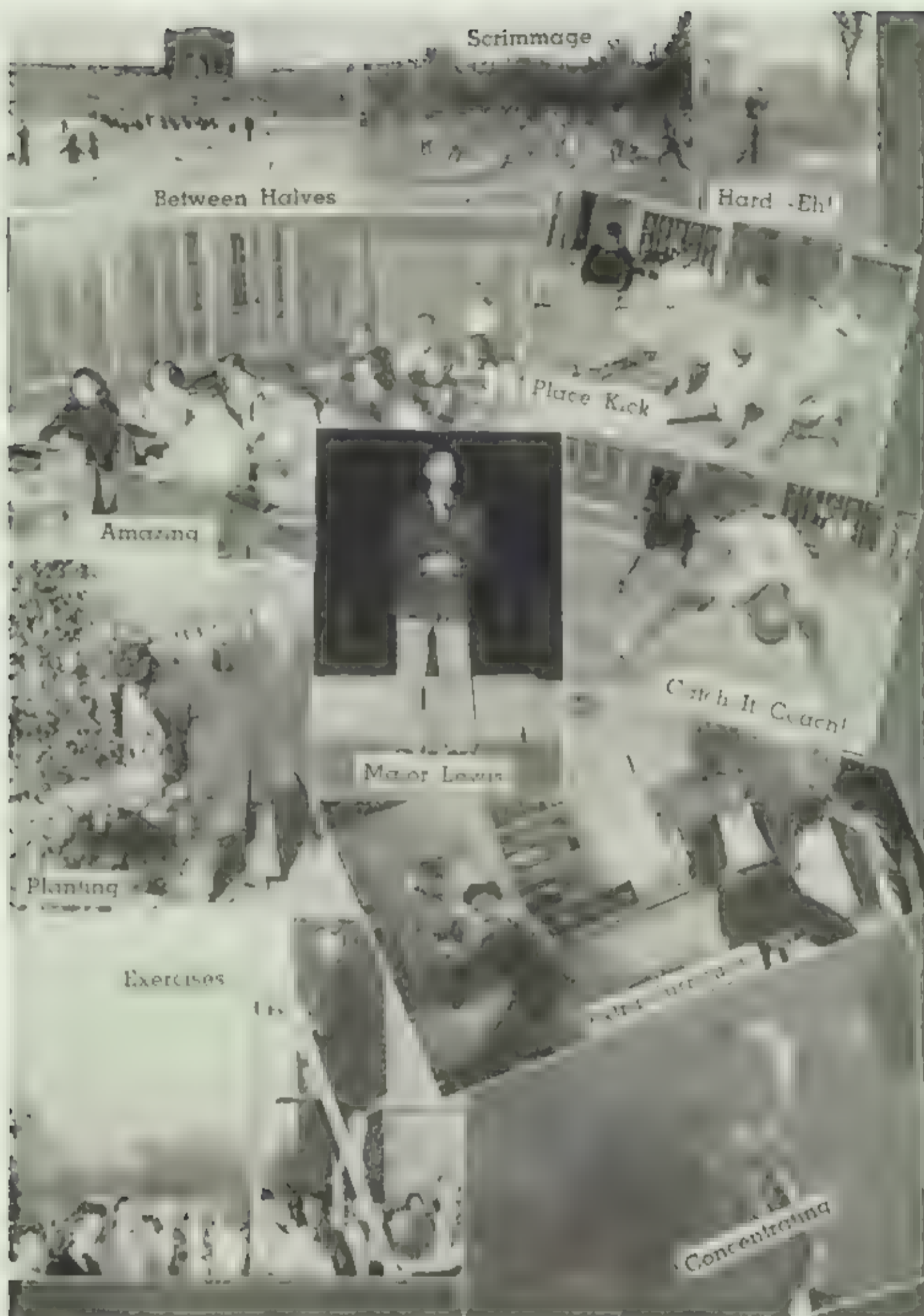
Dance Audience



Groovy



The Waves Eat!









Mr. Furr



Mr. Elmer



Mr. Carson



Miss Pugh



Miss Pross



Mr. Bell



Miss Quelmalz



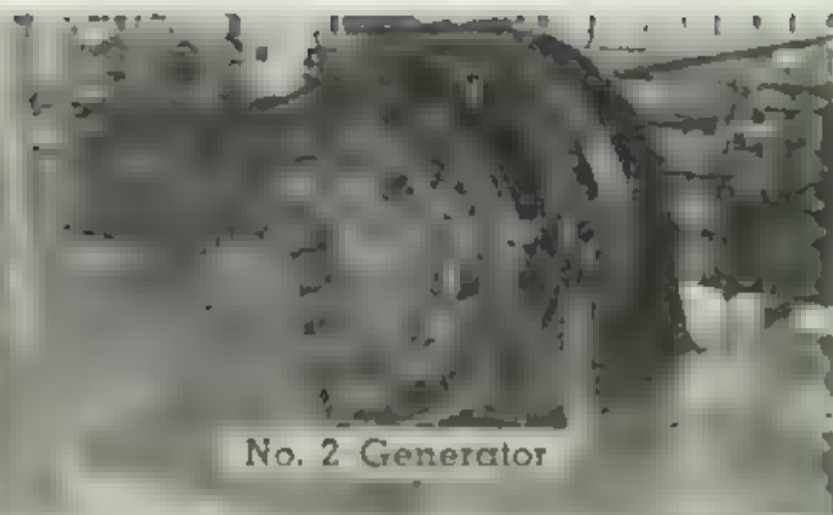
Mr. Dean



Mr. Hall



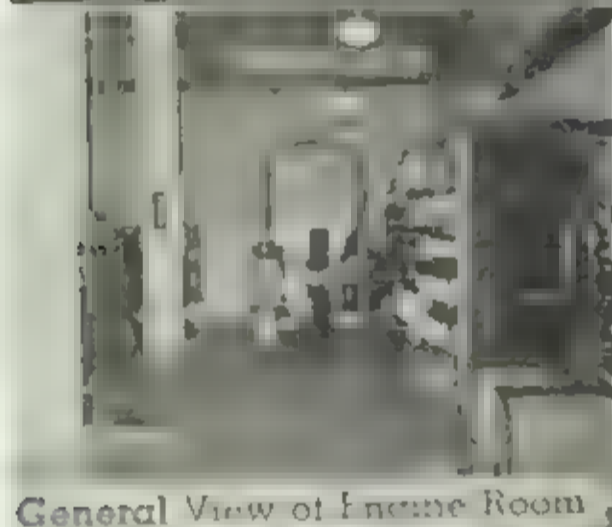
Steam Engine Valves



No. 2 Generator



Vacuum Cleaners



General View of Engine Room



Fuel Purification System



Our Engines



D.C. Control Board





ATHLETICS AND THE WAR

J. EDWARD EISENBERG



IT IS not easy to talk of something in a light and humorous way when you truthfully want to say something serious. In the past, a sports write-up for a high school annual has been traditionally "high school"—that is, light headed, comical kid stuff that doesn't quite rank with the Shakespearean annuals. Oh yes! the older people shake their heads in bewilderment at the youngsters, wondering what we are coming to; and sometimes we even wonder ourselves. What if a football game does resemble "cannibalistic conclave" (five-dollar word)? Compare it with the mess our superiors have gotten the nation into. Who were doing a little playing themselves and couldn't even see into the immediate future? Perhaps we are to blame. Maybe we should not have caused our elders to worry over us instead of permitting them to take inventory of the whole world crisis.

We realize now, that we are the future citizens; that we, the youths of America, must first win this war and then settle this turbulent world once and for all after it. When the inevitable peace does come, by that time all the gaunt, down-trodden nations, including our defeated enemies, will have so suffered that their plight will be hopeless unless immediate help is rendered. In desperation they will cry out for us to help their war-torn people back on their feet. In view of this fact and realizing that we, the high school students of today, are the world's leaders tomorrow, we must never falter in our one purpose to make this a free world for the common man forever.

Keeping this understanding ever in mind, we turn from the future to the present. The road to victory stretches far beyond us with "blood, sweat, and tears" for everyone. Our enemies are strong and sly, ever determined to enslave us. Hardships are just beginning to present themselves, with more drastic ones to come, bringing the war right home to our doorsteps.

The gravity of the recent fighting has made it imperative for the immediate induction of 18- and 19-year-old youths into the U. S. armed forces. The adaptability with which the younger fellows take to training and army life is needed at once to put new life and "zip" into our army, for they have the driving qualities necessary to defeat the youthful Axis armies. Their enthusiasm and daring combined with the resistance for a rugged life fit them perfectly for service.

The passing of this bill by Congress was taken in various ways by many people. The remark of many was, "It's a crime to send children to war without at least a year's training!" "There is a job that must be done, the sooner the better." "The men we have in the army now certainly can't do it alone and those youngsters are the only ones able that have got it in them." was the serious attitude taken by others. It seems everyone had something to give as an opinion but did anyone ever care to know just how the 18- and 19-year-old boys themselves feel about being drafted?

An average high school senior is 18 years of age or will be soon. So let us move in on a typical high school. Our Town, U. S. A.—Beaumont, for instance.

The scene is a cold autumn day out on the old athletic grounds we know so well. The football season is drawing to a climax; so the varsity squad is giving the second stringers their traditional "murdering" before that big game. Students stand around shivering with hands in pockets as they watch the

Caduceus

scrimmaging, while an occasional fall track man comes jogging by. The old baseball diamond looks cold and barren, but it won't for long. The same old racket is issuing from the shower room, while in the gymnasium the basketball squad is just beginning to take shape and the Gym Team goes neatly through its paces on the mats. Yes, it's the Blue Jackets, just as you and I always know them; but there is an unusual air of seriousness predominating every action. We soon discover what it is as one yells out, "Hey, Ray, is the Army going to get you?"

"No, sir! Not me! I'm going to join the Navy."

"I am, too, only I'm enlisting in the Naval Air Corps."

Another young fellow interrupts, "What are you going to fly, Harry? A bomber or a fast deck-board fighter?"

"A bomber, of course. What do you see in those dizzy fighters?"

"Well, I'll tell you, you can fly your slow old hay-wagon, but I'll drop in and see you some time in my fast little Grumman Wildcat."

The three go on kidding each other, but behind those comical antics in every boy's mind are his own big plans for his military career. He is carefully thinking, planning out how he can best help his country and himself in some branch of the armed forces.

Before the war, athletics were frowned on as a waste of time by some people, but now those same critics begin to realize what sports have done and are doing to develop coordination of mind and body in the boys who are going to bring the hard victory that will save the world's civilization. Our nation takes off its hat to honor and praise American high-school athletes.

TENNIS TEAM

ELWOOD ROSENKOETTER

During the 1942 Public High School Tournament, the Blue Jackets displayed their true abilities by rising from sixth place of the year before to the second position this year, a wonderful comeback. Coach Backus' squad was defeated but once and that was by the Longhorns of Southwest High, who went on to win the championship.

The first match of the season was with Cleveland, who tied the Beaumont team, 2-2. Beaumont won the next two matches from Soldan and Roosevelt by scores of 3-1 and 4-0. Their fourth opponent was Southwest, who defeated them by a score of 3-1. After the loss to Southwest, the Blue Jackets swept through the remaining three matches with Blewett, Central, and McKinley, with the loss of only one individual match. The scores were 3-1, 4-0, and 4-0, respectively.

Of the members of the team, Richard Weber and Ed Wamhoff were the only returning lettermen. Four members of the team will be lost by graduation this year, with Clarence Schuettenberg the only letterman to return next year. There will thus be many positions open and all boys who are interested are welcome to try out for Beaumont's Tennis Team.

The five positions on the team were filled as follows:

First Singles	Richard Weber
Second Singles	Marvin Frazee
Third Singles	Clarence Schuettenberg
Doubles	{Elwood Rosenkoetter and Ed Wamhoff



FOOTBALL 1942

HARVEY ECKLEY AND DICK CROAK

To get in shape, Beaumont football veterans started conditioning a week before school commenced in order to prepare for the very soon opening game with St. Louis High prep league champions. Although the Bluejackets were humbled by the heavier Junior Blakens 14-6, one of the highlights of this game came when Russ Steget broke loose for a 75 yard run showing himself to be one of the district's outstanding backs.

The Victory Column was started in the next game against Maplewood when touchdowns resulted from fumbles early in the game. Our lead was never overtaken with the final score standing Beaumont 18 Maplewood 6.

In our first league encounter we squeezed by Cleveland when in the last few minutes of play Everhardt blocked a punt, picked up the ball and scampered over the goal line, giving Beaumont a 13-12 victory. The first of many casualties was suffered this year when Emmett Sharkey broke his ankle early in the game.

Against Roosevelt, the entire team gave a fine exhibition and the result was a 21-0 conquest over the previously unscored upon Rough Riders.

The Bluejacket's first league defeat was administered by Soldan. Mike Kickham injured his collar bone and was lost to the team for the rest of the year.

On Hallowe'en night the team opposed McKinley and after 48 minutes of struggling the score was deadlocked. Because of injuries a revised lineup was used in this game featuring Eckley and Everhardt, both linemen, in the backfield.

Caduceus

A crucial game with Southwest followed in which Beaumont handed the Longhorns their first league defeat. Harry Exler's long passes paved the way to a last-quarter victory. After a poor first half our line gave a startling performance, stopping cold the Steer's running attack.

The smashing 45-0 victory over Central assured the Bluejackets of a tie for the championship. An unusual feature of this game was that the team made ten points more than Mr. Huntington had prophesied during a pep session in the aud

A playoff game with Southwest was arranged and the victor was to be the champion. A hard blow was dealt to Coach Franklin's squad when three members were called to the Marines just a few days before the game. Playing the game in a near blizzard, the Bluejackets overcame the Longhorns 13-6 to win the championship. Harry Exler's long run of 82 yards put Beaumont in front which they held all the way. Outstanding in their work on defense were Steger, Meyer and Martinago

The team wishes to thank Mr. Stanton, Mr. Franklin and Mr. Elliot for the many hours they devoted in helping them in winning the championship. Many on the team are seniors but the outlook for next year is very promising because of the capable reserves which will take the places of those leaving

This year's letter winners are:

Returning

Ellis Gregory
Jack Hauck
Mike Kickham
Stanley Luecke

Al Martinago
Don Meyer
Emmett Sharkey
Russ Steger

Not Returning

Merle Boswell
Dick Croak
Art Demling
Ed Ebeler
Wayne Eberhardt
Harvey Eckley
Harry Exler
George Innes

Wilbert Jansing
Vince Mahoney
Roy Mattes
Jack McKnight
Russel Sparrow
Meredith Steinmetz
Bob Tansey
Wm. Walbrink

GOLF TEAM

MELVIN NICHOLS

Last year's golf season at Beaumont might prove to be more successful than has been announced. Soldan's winning of the championship has not been officially decided and hopes are still high that Beaumont may be acclaimed the winner. There seems to be a little controversy about the Soldan team using the same three players over again for a second round, which some quarters hold to be illegal.

Every Monday afternoon at Norwood Hills Country Club, the team may be seen taking their practice rounds about the links in preparation for their interscholastic meets.

The lettermen who are not returning are Paul Chavaux, Paul Handler, Carl Green, and Dan Wing who, by the way, has joined the U. S. Cavalry. Those who are returning from last year's squad are Kenneth Campbell, Bill Manz and Melvin Nichols. Some promising players who will help in trying to bring next year's golf championship to Beaumont are Alan Schmidt, Edgar Draper, Ed Moreland, and Edward Lansche.

BASKETBALL

EDWARD EISEFELDER

The 1942-43 basketball season finds Beaumont right in of thickest of the Public High School League fighting. As of today, our Bluejackets have fared exceptionally well, recording for Beaumont a splendid number of victories but we shall not take this time to enter into details of the critical games that are yet to be played.

Returning from last year's state championship team have been three regulars: Jack Maguire, Jim Solari, and Art Demling, but unfortunately we are losing Demling from this coordinated trio through graduation. This vacancy will amply be filled by two alternates, newcomers Winston Gintz and Art Brucker. Bob Link and Art Sacy, who haven't returned from last year's squad have equally been replaced by capable Norvell Maxwell and Wayne Eberhardt. Inspired by last year's victories every evening after school you may watch the team practicing hard trying to emulate Beaumont's proud record under the critical eye of Coach Tom Stanton.

Just a word to those boys interested in basketball may we say that only four boys now on the squad will return next year, leaving eleven vacancies that must be filled by new talent. These future players are now being trained and run through their paces on the school team which is still lacking sufficient recruits. You younger termers needn't be experts to try out for basketball for every afternoon in the boys' gymnasium, the second stringers have their own workout and practice games.

BLUEJACKET ROSTER

Art Demling, B	Art Brucker
Jack Maguire B	Ray Diering
Jim Solari B	Clarence Schuettenberg
Wayne Eberhardt B	Don Meyer
Norvell Maxwell B	Bob Schaffer
Dale Massey B	Don Checkett
Winston Gintz	Edward Eisfelder

BEAUMONT BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

SEASON 1942-1943

Dec. 11—St. Louis U. High, Home, 3:30
Dec. 15—McBride, There, 7:30
Dec. 18—Central, League Game, 7:40.
Jan. 9—Kirkwood, There, 7:30.
Jan. 15—Cleveland, League Game, 6:30.
Jan. 19—Normandy, Home, 3:30
Jan. 22—Roosevelt, League Game, 6:30.
Jan. 26—S. S. Catholic, There, 7:30
Jan. 29—McKinley, League Game, 7:40
Feb. 2—St. Louis U. High, There, 7:30.
Feb. 5—Soldan, League Game, 8:50
Feb. 12—C. B. C., Home, 3:30
Feb. 16—Maplewood, There, 7:30.
Feb. 19—Southwest, League Game, 7:40.
Feb. 26—Blewett, League Game, 8:50.



RIFLE TEAM

FRED RICK OBERHEIDE

A good shot is never born good. The coordination of brain, eye, nerve, and muscle that is so necessary in order to excel in rifle shooting is developed only by intensive training. Real expertness, as in any other sport, requires experience that comes only with much time and practice. Every new member is given practical instruction and coaching. It usually requires from one to three years to attain the rank of "Expert Marksman".

In the past years the members of the Rifle Team have gone to other schools and have fired shoulder-to-shoulder matches with their teams. Because of the war, transportation facilities have been limited; therefore we are unable to fire such contests. Even though this difficulty hampers us, we intend to stay in this competitive sport by means of "postal" matches.

The remaining members of last year's team are Ralph Haake, Donald Pierce, Allen Yoder, and Frederick Oberheide.

Our sponsor, Mr. Mitchell, deserves much credit for the success of the club. He has shown great patience in giving his time to the meetings every Thursday so that the members may enjoy themselves.

Sponsor

Mr. Mitchell

FALL TRACK

ROBERT GILMORE

When fall and winter roll around, many schools drop all activities in track until next spring, but not Beaumont. This fall all boys interested in track participated in two different events, cross country and the Octathlon, the latter being new to Beaumont since last year.

Cross country is an event in which very few boys participate. This year only four boys were on the squad: Ed Ross, Don Pierce, John Caslin, and Paul Benz. For several months they train to run a distance of one and a half miles, approximately six laps around the track. Between the halves at football games they put on exhibition meets running against Southwest, Cleveland, Blewett, and Central. No letters will be awarded.

Last year Coach Duggins devised an event called the Octathlon, in which new talent for next year's track team might be found. It proved very successful in that John McLean, our stock midget, was discovered to aid in winning the public high-school championship for Beaumont.

The Octathlon is run in eight events: the 50-, 100-, 220-yard dashes, the 880 yard run, the broad jump, high jump, shot put, and 120 yard hurdles. These are divided into three divisions: senior, junior, and midget. Every boy competes in each of the eight events in his division, earning certain points for placing. They train for four weeks, and on the fifth week the events are run off, the midget division having only six events.

OCTATHLON RESULTS

MIDGET DIVISION

	Place	Points
McDonald	First	1294
Dauster	Second	1271.7
Minnegrode	Third	923.3
Warner	Fourth	877

JUNIOR DIVISION

Molina	First	3987.8
Fechter	Second	3950.2
Marshall	Third	3296
Schwartz	Fourth	2350.5

SENIOR DIVISION

Stocke	First	5758.9
R. Gilmore	Second	5221.5
Michael	Third	4354.5
Caslin	Fourth	3927.5

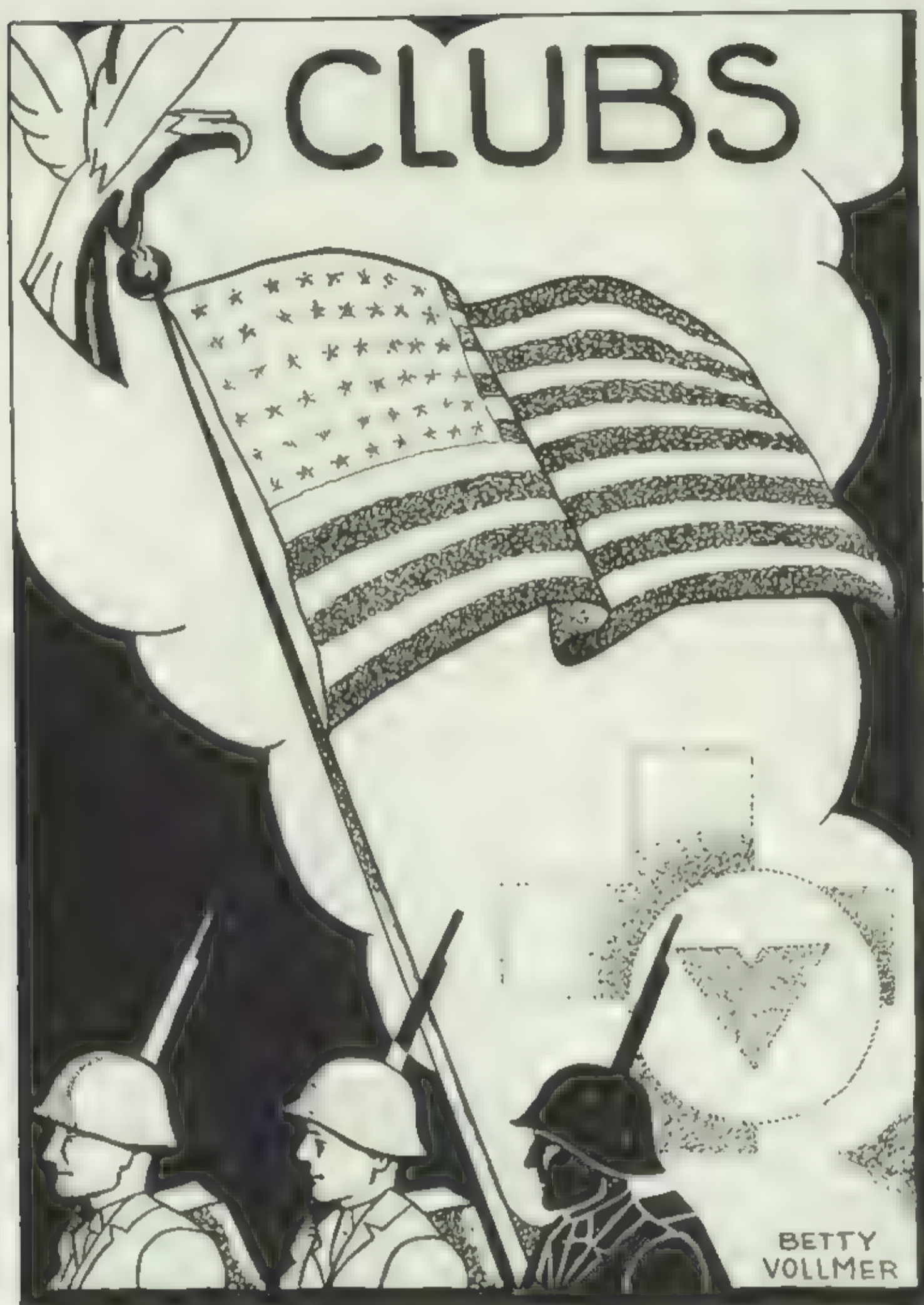
Because of exceptional weather several notable times were recorded:

100-yard dash in 10.9 sec. by Stocke and R. Gilmore

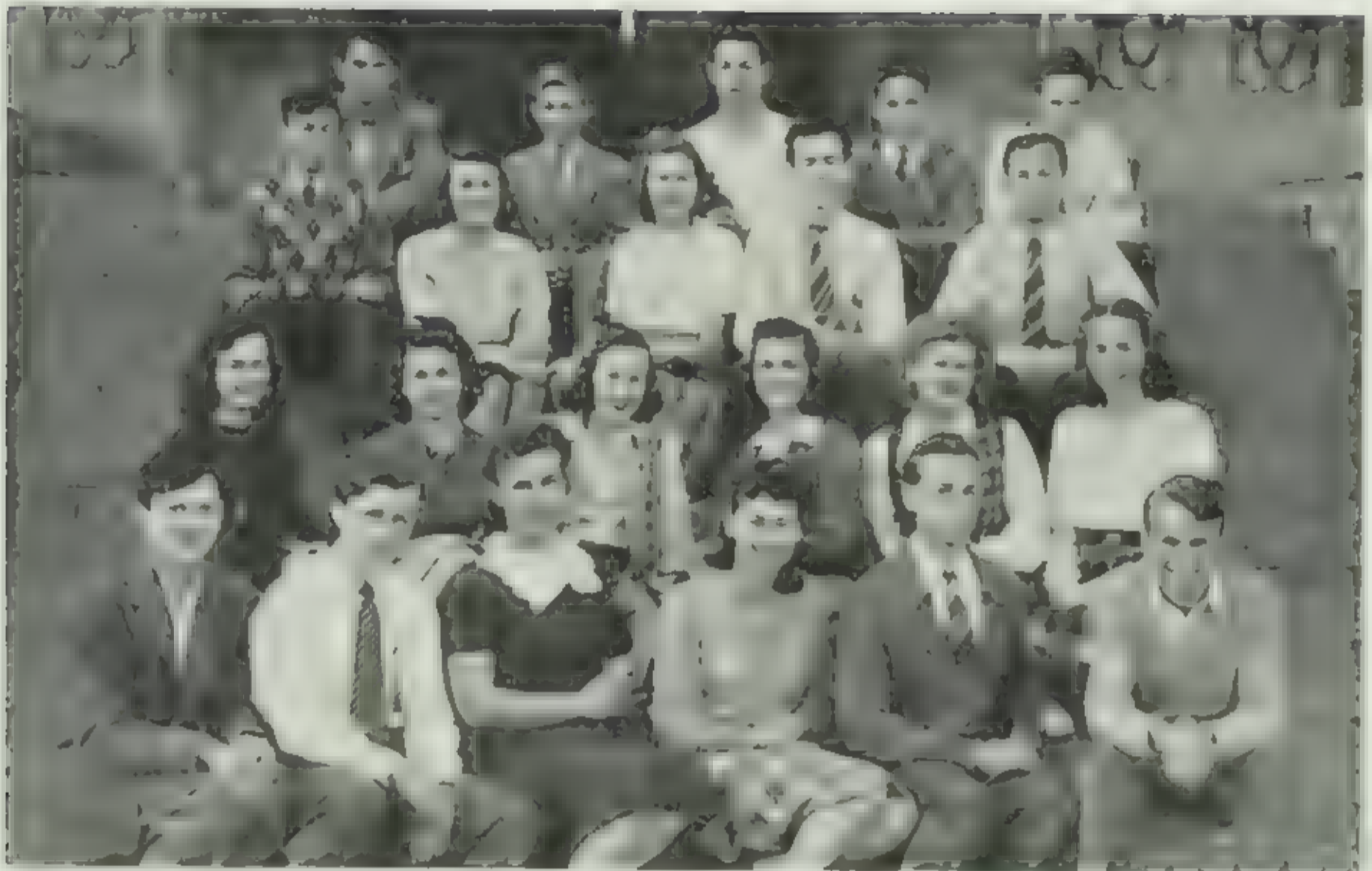
50-yard dash in 5.7 sec. by Stocke.

220-yard dash in 23 sec. by Stocke.

880-yard run in 2 min. 7 sec. by R., Gilmore



Caduceus



CADUCEUS STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Alice Morrow

LITERARY EDITORS

Melva Marty

Lawrence Greenman

Jan Crowder

CLUB EDITORS

Doris Hemmersmeier

Eugene McMurex

Georgia Marquard

SPORTS EDITOR

Edward Tistelder

HUMOR EDITORS

Floyd Van Sickle

Bruce Wright

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

Robert Thompson

Edward Hotmann

Larl Pidgeon

Harry Bozorian

ART EDITORS

Ester Steimann

Mary Lee Lightfoot

TYPISTS

Lois Faust

Jean Vogel

Eileen Rodgers

Katherine Siroma

SECRETARIES TO SPONSOR OF SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Jacqueline Jacquemin

Bernice Green

Norman Niemeier

SECRETARIES TO FINANCIAL SPONSOR

Marie Lipka

Helen Graefe

Marian Burchard

SPONSORS

Dorothy Childs

Jacob Wallach

Edna Geitz

Eighty-eight

THE LAST WORD

ALICE MORROW

During your school days, you have no doubt seen the flashing smile and laughing eyes that are the possessions of Alice Morrow, editor-in-chief of the CADUCEUS. Before becoming editor, Alice served faithfully for two years in the position of sports editor. Aside from these achievements, Alice has been a busy little bee in the line of extra-curricular activities. She has held the office of president in the Library Club. She also has earned a Service Club pin, been a member of the Swimming Team, and has in her possession a Senior Life Saving pin, of which she is extremely proud. "Al" hates green onions, and brussell sprouts. She enjoys good music (not necessarily long-haired), and also has a particular liking for life-guards.

HAROLD POTH

Although he is not a member of the Staff, Harold Poth's talent, cooperation, and hard work have been prime factors in making the CADUCEUS a success. Harold's genial personality and quick wit also have brightened many a fourth-hour session. Aside from his art, he enjoys dancing, having created a style all his own, walking, roller-skating, and bowling. He is partial to red hair and green eyes, and he considers his first date the outstanding moment of his life. If you fit Harold's requirements for a dream girl, remember that he likes rare steak, baked fish, and raw carrots. Among his most violent dislikes are "Deep in the Heart of Texas", Western movies, "glamor" girls, and long fingernails. Hard work and fine cooperation have made him an indispensable unofficial member.

ROBERT THOMPSON

Bob's excellent work as a photographer has made him a decided asset to the Staff this term. His other accomplishments include being president of the Radio Club and belonging to the Burbank Chapter and Technicians Club. "Math" and science appeal most to Bob, but he likes all his other subjects except typewriting. His pet hate is homework. His dream girl must be five feet four inches, blonde or brunette, and have blue eyes. Among the things he likes best are "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas", Maureen O'Hara, Phil Spitalny's All City Orchestra, Rosalind Russell, sports, track and football in particular, Fred Warr, and his Pennsylvanians, Jack Benny, ham, Tommy Dorsey's "There Are Such Things", cherry pie, and the picture, "Holiday Inn". His hobbies are photography and radio. Bob has not yet decided what he will do after graduation, but his pleasant personality and various services to the school will certainly be missed when he leaves.

(Continued on page 91.)

Caduceus



THE "DIGEST"

ELWOOD ROSENKOFFER

The "Digest" staff is a group of students who meet every third hour to write articles for the pleasure and experience they get out of it. A visitor, however, would find that pleasure seems more predominant than the "gaining experience by writing" part of it. Each member on the staff has a certain phase of school life to cover. The editor has to see that the articles are written and are turned in on time. Sometimes this turns out to be a much harder job than it seems it ought to be. When the articles are turned in, however, only half the work is done, because then they must be corrected over and over again so that all the mistakes will be eliminated. The correcting of the copy is under the supervision of the assistant editor, who must find different ways of arousing the staff members from their states of lethargy long enough so that each may individually check over the articles and the galley sheets. In turn, one of the hardest jobs of the sponsor is keeping the editor and assistant editor from dropping off into indolence. Through a miracle, a prayer, and the combined efforts of the sponsor and printer the "Digest" is finally put into a finished state ready for delivery to the students. Then the whole process is ready to be repeated again to get the next issue out.

On the staff are such famous (or infamous) characters as the "Snooper" and "Old Judge". The "Snooper" this term had a double personality, also giving her the ability to be in two places at once, since two of the members on the staff, Shirley Fishman and Paul Schulze, took turns writing your

Caduceus

THE "DIGEST"

favorite column. The "Old Judge", believe it or not, was ably handled by a girl, Marian Petersen, whose scintillating advice was valued by all. "Things I Saw" came from the able pen of Arline Perlmutter, while Geraldine Heyne recorded the names and deeds of the Beaumont graduates in the service of their country. Madelyn Comfort took care of Alumnotes, the Calendar, and Club News. The field of sports was covered by our veteran sportswriter, Ed Draper, and one of the newer, but able, members, Bob Mosher. Editorials issued from the pens of Elwood Rosenkoetter, Earl Wells, and Geraldine Heyne. Ken Schlichting proved to be one of the most ardent newshounds on the staff. Jo Ann Price kept the paper up to date on music news. Patterns Association and Mothers' Club. Joan Dorenkamper handled the numerous "aud" sessions and news on the Red Cross, and Charles Lakinger handled well any assignment which he was given. If you got any amusement from the cartoons in the "Digest," thank Harold Poth, because he drew them.

On the business end of the staff, Roy Andrews served as an excellent manager, who, with the help of Billy Stuart and Don Willmering took care of the enormous amount of work that accompanies the selling of subscriptions and the delivery of the paper. The typists, who could now qualify as expert hieroglyphic decipherers, did a very commendable job. Serving the staff in this capacity were Rosemary Driesewerd, Patsy Elliott, Doris Havener, Peggy Jostedt, Elaine McFarson, and LaVerne Sanders. Our indispensable sponsor, Mr. Birr, made good use of his experience and knowledge by guiding the staff over the rough and the tight spots.

Five members of the staff will be lost by graduation. They are Marian Petersen, Rosemary Driesewerd, Patsy Elliott, Harold Poth, and Elwood Rosenkoetter.

THE LAST WORD

(Continued from page 89.)

FLOYD VAN SICKLE

Floyd is one of the newer members of the CADUCEUS Staff, having joined the group this term. Most of you know Floyd best from the part he took in the Mixed Chorus production, "Tune In." Those who know Floyd intimately call him "Van", with a Sicklegrubber thrown in here and there. Floyd worked hard on the Service Club, but fate was cruel as he did not receive a pin. "Van" has belonged to the Rifle Club, Alfred Marshall Club, and Mixed Chorus. He does quite a few things in the line of athletics. He roller-skates, swims, plays a fair game of baseball, and plays football after a fashion to which anyone on the Staff will testify. Floyd dotes on warmed-over spaghetti and all girls—especially Thelma.

EARL PIDGEON

Among the many industrious members of the CADUCEUS Staff, we find Earl making quite a name for himself. Serving as a staff photographer, he has been found to be a diligent worker. He is a member of the Alfred Marshall, Physiography, and Camera Clubs. His favorite subject is industrial arts and his hobby is photography. As to his dream girl, Earl is not particular. Any good-looking girl will do; but he does hate to see them in slacks! He likes swimming, basketball, girls in general, hayrides, wiener roasts, food, and Red Skelton. Those who know him feel that some day Earl's name will also be included among those of popular contemporary photographers.



HISTORY-TRAVEL CLUB

DONALD WILLMERING

Hello! This is the History-Travel Club calling everyone to come and participate in our meetings and trips. We have a total membership of 52. The purpose of the club is to study, and to know history, so necessary for understanding of the present events. These young men and women joined the club because it offered something that appealed to their good American spirit.

Our sponsor has outlined a very interesting program, which will consist of: book reviews; discussion of current events; guest speakers; talks of travel; visiting various historical places of interest; and lectures on historical people. Already we have visited the Art Museum, and the Eugene Field Memorial and had a very enjoyable picnic at Forest Park. We also plan to hear important lecturers, leading writers, professors of Universities, and favorite radio commentators.

(Continued on page 124)

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

ELIZABETH
McKNIGHT



The Senior Girls' Glee Club helps to educate the students of Beaumont in many ways. Among these ways is the learning of a wise use of school time. Girls who enjoy the relaxation of group singing belong to this organization. While all the girls are earning credit for Glee Club, many come to Room 302 the second period simply because they have learned the appreciation of beautiful music and wish to further themselves in its art. The Glee Club, in its use of the classical type of music, instills in the hearts and minds of the student singers a desire for more of this type of music. The interested student in such an organization, when given a few spare moments, will not let them waste idly away, but will put this time to immediate use. There is not another study that will give greater impetus to an intellectual mind than this, the pursuit of happiness and knowledge through music. The time spent by the girls in rehearsing, is considered as time well spent. Listening to concerts, singing at "aud" sessions, competing in contests, and singing at churches are also some of the things that members of the club accomplish.

(Continued on page 124)



BOYS' SKATING CLUB

BOB CRANE

This year the boys roller-skate at two rinks. On Tuesdays from 3:30-5:30 they skate at the Crystal; on Wednesdays from 3:45-6:15, at the Arena. At the Arena an hour of free instruction is offered to the boys. The ice skating continues at the Winter Garden. Last year, for the first time, letters were given to the boys who could pass a test in roller-skating. The test was held at the Crystal, and eleven boys made the grade. Letters have been offered before for the ice-skating. This year the same offer is open to all boys of the club who pass the test in both roller- and ice-skating.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent

Bob Winters
John Cornev
Truman Mellies
Harold Williams

Bob Crane



JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

MARIE MEILVES

The harmonious sounds heard throughout the corridors during the second hour are the voices of the Junior Girls' Glee Club. Since its organization in September 1939 this group has enjoyed a steady growth and now numbers about 60. We have outgrown our previous quarters in 304 and are now located in the auditorium. Our organization supplies many members for the Senior Girls' Glee Club and the Senior Mixed Chorus.

We believe that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl; so we include in our program some social activities. Recently we had a barbecue in Forest Park.

The ones and twos may take Junior Girls' Glee Club instead of their 9th-grade music. The threes and fours receive $\frac{1}{4}$ credit per term. New members who wish to join this group should make arrangements with the sponsor before next term.

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian
Correspondent
Sponsor

Dolores Hansmann
Delores Bush
Dolores Keithly
Alberta Oppeau
Josephine Plannette
Marie Meilves
Miss Brix



SENIOR MIXED CHORUS

VIRGINIA SCHABERG

Hi o ho! Hi o ho! This familiar phrase floats from the "aud." where the Senior Mixed Chorus meets daily the first period. The membership this term consists of eighty-three boys and girls, in good proportion for our type of work. Incidentally, we have a very good tenor section, not only in number but in ability. A special stress on reading at sight makes it possible for us to do group work under our own power, becoming less dependent on our sponsor, Miss Brix. It also makes it possible for us to undertake many different songs.

Included in our activities this term was an outing at Forest Park, with plenty of good food, vigorous exercise and joyful song. The many close friendships within the chorus helped to make our outing a success. We have engaged in various programs during this half year, lending our voices in song to the occasion.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian
Accompanist
Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Wayne Eberhardt
Harry Saalmueller
Audrey Voss
Jack McKnight
Earlene Jenkins
Rosa Lee Burton

Virginia Schaberg
Miss Brix



LA VOZ DE ESPANA

JOHN ELLIS

La Voz de España is once more in the midst of a successful term under the guidance of our sponsor, Mr. Stinson

Our programs which are held every Tuesday, are planned by the program committee under the supervision of Mr. Stinson. These programs are filled with entertainment which would appeal to every high-school student. This reason, along with the fact that every member works for the good of the club, has made it one of the most popular clubs in Beaumont. As in other years, our club will hold its fall party sometime in December, and, as always this is to us one of the biggest occasions of the year

This spring the club hopes to have all the old members back and many new ones. Club membership is open only to students of Spanish or those who have taken Spanish. So until next term—Hasta luego!

President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer
Digest" Correspondent
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

Gerry Heinle
William Shoulders
Jean Bates
Shirley Ashby
John Ellis
Mr. Stinson



PEPPERETTES

VERONICA MURPHY

Under the able assistance of our sponsor, Miss Baxmeyer, the Pepperettes have become one of the most popular clubs at Beaumont.

The purpose of the club is to lend moral support to our team by having peppy cheering sections at the games.

Although the Pepperettes have the largest membership of any club at school, there is always room for more. Any girl who owns a season football pass may be a Pepperette.

The club has interesting programs at their weekly meetings in the auditorium. They consist of songs, dances, and recitations, as well as lusty cheers and songs for dear old Beaumont.

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Digest"-CADUCEUS
Correspondent

Judy Shade
Pauline Allen
Betty Cooper

Veronica Murphy

Cheer Leaders

Jane Payne
Virginia Schaberg

Virginia Jaspering
Doris Schillermann

(Continued on page 124)



THE SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

PAUL SIEVEKING

The Senior Boys' Glee Club started its latter 1942 term under a handicap. Many of the members were new and inexperienced and—most important—there was no suitable room available in which to meet. Through the efforts of Mr. Stamm, a corner of the lunchroom was converted into a music room, but this arrangement proved unsatisfactory because of the noise and activity in the lunchroom. The club made progress, however, and early in the term was represented by a double-quartet at the installation of officers at the Women Voters League of St. Louis which was ably assisted by Stanley Starr, a former member of the Glee Club, now studying under Reinald Warrenrath of Washington, D. C. The entire organization sang several patriotic numbers at the Elk's Club celebration in honor of Navy Day and soon afterwards sang in the school auditorium during an auditorium session when the school was visited by a former member of the Flying Tigers.

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Vice-President
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Secretary
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Correspondent
Pianist
Sponsor

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Donald Grunwald
Frank Jaeger
Donald Lochmann
Bill Uphouse

Paul Sieveking
Robert Childers
Mr. Stamm

Caduceus



SENIOR BAND

FLORIDA BREWSTER

Everyone knows the Band. Why, we've participated at every Beaumont football game, marched in the Navy and Armistice Day parades, aided in the War Bond drive, and also played for several auditorium sessions.

The Senior Band is composed of approximately sixty-five members who either have been transferred from the Junior Band or taken from the student body; and, as everyone knows, we practice every morning the A period in the auditorium.

Eileen Shelley, drum major, and Ruth Tobin, majorette, have really worked hard to make our band a well-trained unit, in music and in marching. This term our director, president, drum major, and majorette have originated and carried through many very difficult drills, which were used at the football games. Much credit is due them for their work, which would have been impossible without the co-operation of a fine group of hard-working people. No school is complete without a band, and ours is "super." Don't you think so?

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Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
"Digest" Correspondent
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Librarian
Director

Clarence Stolz
Robert Mack
June Plitt
Gene Cole
Bill Rodefald
Florida Brewster
Kenneth Schlichting
Mr. Stamm



STUDENT COUNCIL



GIRLS BOWLING CLUB

Caduceus



FIRST-TERMERS



One Hundred Two

THIRD-TERMERS



PHYSIOGRAPHY CLUB

BETTY ULRICH

Those boys and girls that you see chopping rocks out at Meramec Quarry or Valley Park are not fugitives from the Workhouse. They are just "Phog" students, hunting fossils and studying the earth's history as the rocks teach it. Our club has indoor meetings, too, and on such occasions we talk over our field trips, see motion pictures on geological subjects, and hear talks by other members.

If you are interested in geology or if you would like to know what a hachiopordor a bryozoan is, take Physiography and join the "Phog" Club.

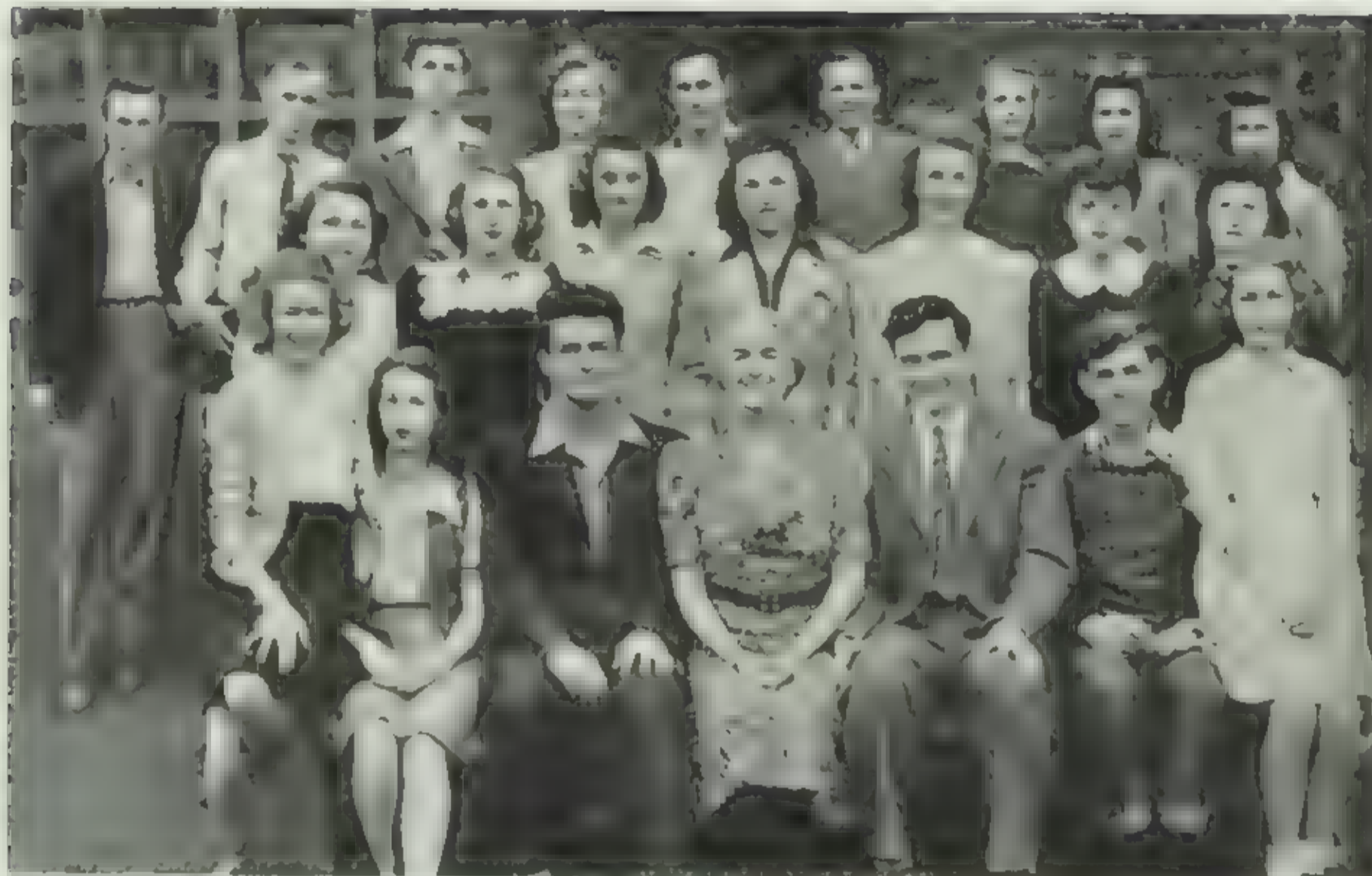
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Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Executive Committee

"Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Jean Bates
Warren Eshbough
Kathleen Paulsmeyer
Louis Lunte
Ruth Jaeger
{ Harold Poth
{ Frank Bueneman

Betty Ulrich
Miss Brown



MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

ALOHA ENGELSKIND

The Music Appreciation Club formerly called the "Special Junior Mixed Chorus" has been having their regular class meetings in Room 302 the third hour daily. We have a fine club, and our purpose is to learn the real beauty of music. The club and our sponsor welcome new members. We have some good solo voices, both boys and girls. Our dues are ten cents per week, and with this money we are planning some interesting recreation at the end of the semester. Miss Conlon stresses themes in appreciation and hopes for more work in four part singing. For anyone who loves and appreciates good music, this is the club to join. We need more voices in all parts.

Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Aloha Engelskind
Miss Conlon



MOTHERS' CLUB

MRS. E. F. GALLAGHER

The Beaumont High School Mothers' Club is a very active and progressive organization which meets the first Tuesday of each month in the Music Room of the school, Room 302 at 2:15 P. M. Its purpose is to acquaint the mothers with the school program and their children's activities. It attempts to create a bond of friendship and understanding between the mothers, the students and the faculty. Its meetings are not only educational and interesting but also entertaining.

Our Choral Club under the direction of Mr. E. Prang Stamm is one of the several musical organizations which contribute to our fine musical program. It extends an invitation to all who enjoy singing.

The Mothers' Club is very proud of its progress in war work. The members have been very generous in volunteering their services for sugar rationing, oil rationing, and the selling of stamps and bonds.

The Hospitality Committee assists at each meeting in the lunch room by serving refreshments.

Mr. Albert H. Huntington, the principal of Beaumont, presents a resume of school activities.

All mothers and friends of students are welcome. The dues are fifty cents a year.

(Continued on page 10)

Caduceus

BEAUMONT PATRONS' ASSOCIATION

President	John M. Exler
First Vice-President	Joseph J. Shelly
Second Vice-President	W. E. Pepmiller
Secretary	Albert Van Gels
Assistant Secretary	John M. Gadell
Treasurer	John E. White
Sergeant-at-Arms	John Merz

Instead of an article about themselves, the Patrons wish to express their feeling toward the school and our country in a tribute to the boys in the service.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE U. S. A.

BETTY LOU JEANS

*He laid aside his pens and books—
There was a bigger job to do;
He knew he could not stay behind
And to himself be true.*

*Each day another left his crowd,
His pals all moving with the van.
They seemed to sense a signal too,
The chance to show their worth to man*

*He felt no fear, regret, or hate.
In fact, he thought it quite a thrill
To march away amid the din,
Some strange important job to fill.*

*His destination was unknown;
The task to come was unexplained
He questioned not; the goal was clear.
And he would strive to make a gain.*

*So pity not that gallant lad!
He's doing what he calls "his job."
He heard the call, he saw the way,
And now his fate rests with his God*



JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

GEORGIANA BURCH

An organization which is busily engaged in improving the playing ability of the members is the Junior Orchestra, which meets daily in the auditorium during the sixth period, hoping to be admitted as a member in the Senior Orchestra in the near future.

In these many weeks of learning we have mastered twelve new compositions

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
"Digest" Correspondent
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

Richard Hobolt
Edwin Schweickhardt
Claire Lampertz
Dorothy Rich
Betty Uhlen
Georgiana Burch
Mr. Stamm

Caduceus



GIRLS' ICE-SKATING CLUB

PAT MULLEN

It is Friday again, and you know what that means! Why, ice-skating, of course. The Ice-Skating Club, which has long been one of Beaumont's largest and most popular clubs, meets every Friday after school at the Winter Garden. In addition to the fun derived from ice-skating, we find it a healthful form of sport, filling us with vim, vigor, and vitality. The last skating session is the most exciting, for it is then that the members can win a letter by skating six times around the rink.

Our dues are twenty-five cents a year, which entitles us to a reduced rate at the Winter Garden, a picture in CADUCEUS, and our annual outing. Why not join now and get in on the fun? See one of our sponsors

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Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
'Digest' and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsors

Marilyn Lehman
Betty Mauntel
Audrey Voss
Marie Prange

Pat Mullen
Miss Henske
Miss Ross



LIBRARY CLUB

MARY JO BRIDGEMAN

Dear Reader

Are you a child prodigy? Are you the genius of your family? Are you a good student with an average intellect? You are? That's fine. This is just the club for which you are looking

At one of our first meetings, Miss Press outlined our activities for the term. No doubt you have seen the scrapbook in the library. It is the catalogue of new books. That's one thing we do every third Thursday of the month. But that isn't all. Every term we buy a book which every member reads. At the end of the term we have an open discussion about the book pro and con. We outline the author's life also and in that way form our own opinion why the author wrote the book.

Our activities also include trips to various places of interest, such as radio stations, libraries, dairies, and bakeries.

During Christmas week we gave a Christmas party for the members with oodles" of dancing and refreshments.

Are you interested? We knew you would be, and we'll be seeing you at the beginning of next term.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Alice Schaffner
Pat Kottwinkel
Pat Mullen
Katherine Mueller

Mary Jo Bridgeman
Miss Press



CAMERA CLUB

GERALDINE HEYNE

The Camera Club offers to those who are interested in photography many opportunities. To begin is the processes of developing film and of printing and enlarging pictures are taught at the expense of the club. Since in practically every field of knowledge the proper technique is the prominent factor, all members, both experienced and otherwise, are given pointers on how to better their pictures. For active members of the club may use freely the dark room, camera, printer and other equipment upon getting the permission of the sponsor, Miss Conrad.

Since the club has not the capacity for more, membership is limited to twenty-five. Some of the more experienced members earn money, which goes into the club treasury, by making reprints of the CADUCEUS pictures of various organizations. Snapshots of scenes about the school, such as were seen in the previous issue of the CADUCEUS are also taken by members proficient in this line of work.

Among the many enterprises of this club are picture-taking trips and scavenger hunts, talks by experts in photography and participation in exhibits of various kinds.

The dark room in 236 is completely supplied with standard equipment. Only enthusiastically interested people are desired and approved for membership in our club. If you are one of these, why don't you join us and share our good times with us?

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

Jack Manneback
Art Teugel
Hermine Seiser
Virginia Dale
Geraldine Heyne
Miss Conrad



BELLUS MONS

MARIAN BURCHARD

The Latin Club of Beaumont High School has again enjoyed an interesting program this term. The club meets every other Wednesday in 403. If one should happen to pass this room on such a Wednesday, he would hear faint sounds of Latin issuing forth. At one of these meetings, several members presented a play titled "Dido and Aeneas," starring Marie Prange as Dido and Morry Schimmel as Aeneas. At another meeting our sponsors, Miss Buckley and Miss Riedel, could be seen sparring with each other in a gladiatorial combat. With the help of the program committee, we have greatly enjoyed this interesting program

President
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Secretary
Treasurer
"Digest" Correspondent
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsors

Ian Crowder
Jeanne Riedemeyer
Vera Hollenbach
Marvin Fischer
Ed Draper
Marian Burchard
{Miss Buckley
}Miss Riedel



SHAKESPEARE CLUB

ROBERT DRUMMOND

The lifelong ambition of every great actor is to play Shakespeare, for this is considered the crowning achievement of a successful career in the legitimate theatre. Members of the Shakespeare Club, however, are privileged to experience this thrill at our regular meetings every other Tuesday in Room 308. Every term we dramatize one of Shakespeare's great works under the supervision of a youthful director. Costumes are improvised, and every effort is made to present our amateur productions in the most professional way possible.

This term "Twelfth Night," a light comedy, has been selected for study. The entire club is divided into two groups, each to present alternate acts through Act IV. An all-star cast, selected from both groups, will present the final act. A director is selected by each group, and it is his responsibility to cast parts, call rehearsals, and finally present the finished product before the remainder of the club.

By dramatizing a new work each term we become familiar with the greatest poetry of all time. We also retain some of the Bard of Avon's wise philosophy, philosophy which will live through the ages. Our members respond to the roll-call with such wise quotations as: "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones." "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" and "The quality of mercy is not strained."

We are proud of our club, and we are proud of the high standards it maintains by admitting only students of high scholastic record.

(Continued on next page)



GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

ROSEMARY HUND

"The swimming pool will be closed until after Christmas!" Our hopes were shattered! After all, what is more impractical than a swimming team without a pool? But did we sit and grumble? We did not! We swam individually, keeping in practice by stressing endurance swimming, racing, and diving. Then came the good news that the pool would reopen December first.

We're "home" now and have added an advance Red Cross swimming course to our program. Every Thursday at 3:30 you may find us in the pool, working hard and enjoying it.

Captain
Treasurer
"Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Constance Donnelly
Nancy Kincaid

Rosemary Hund
Miss Kirkwood

SHAKESPEARE CLUB

(Continued)

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Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
"Digest" Correspondent
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

John Varwig
Rosemary Hund
Madelyn Comfort
Robert Bleikamp
Edgar Draper
Robert Drummond
Miss Donnelly

Caduceus



SENIOR ORCHESTRA

ALROY ASCHOFF

Have you ever heard melodious strains of music float through the halls the seventh hour from the direction of the auditorium? You have? The answer to the question, "Where does it originate?" is not a military secret nor is it an unsolved mystery. The answer is the Beaumont Senior Orchestra.

Some of the members of the orchestra on first joining can not read music too well nor follow a director easily, but from the experience gained by joining the Senior Orchestra, we have developed into fairly good musicians. Anyone playing a musical instrument with a moderate degree of skill is urged to join the orchestra to further his or her knowledge of music.

The Beaumont Senior Orchestra plays for such school activities as auditorium sessions, graduations, operettas, and similar occasions which require the presence of an orchestra capable of symphonic and semi-symphonic music.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian
'Digest' and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Richard Weber
James Wallace
Eunice Rechten
Mildred Seiser
Louise Allen

Alroy Aschoff
Miss Brix



NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

KENNETH SCHLICHTING

The Novelty Orchestra is an organization in which our "jive masters" get together to let off steam. The efforts of these "enharmonic swingsters" seem to be valued by the "hep" fellows and girls about Beaumont and even by the oldsters, because they receive many invitations to play for various groups. The usual line-up of instruments is similar to that of the average dance orchestra. The practice sanctum is 304, where the "jam pilgrims" congregate at 3.00 o'clock every Wednesday.

New recruits come in from time to time, moving from substitute to first position in brass, string, reed, or rhythm sections.

Manager
CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

Owen Reinert
Kenneth Schlichting
Miss Brix

Caduceus



JUNIOR BAND

FLORIDA BREWSTER

Hello, fellow students! This is the Junior Band reporting—a group of inexperienced musicians, representative of the student body, who meet every day the fifth hour in Room 304.

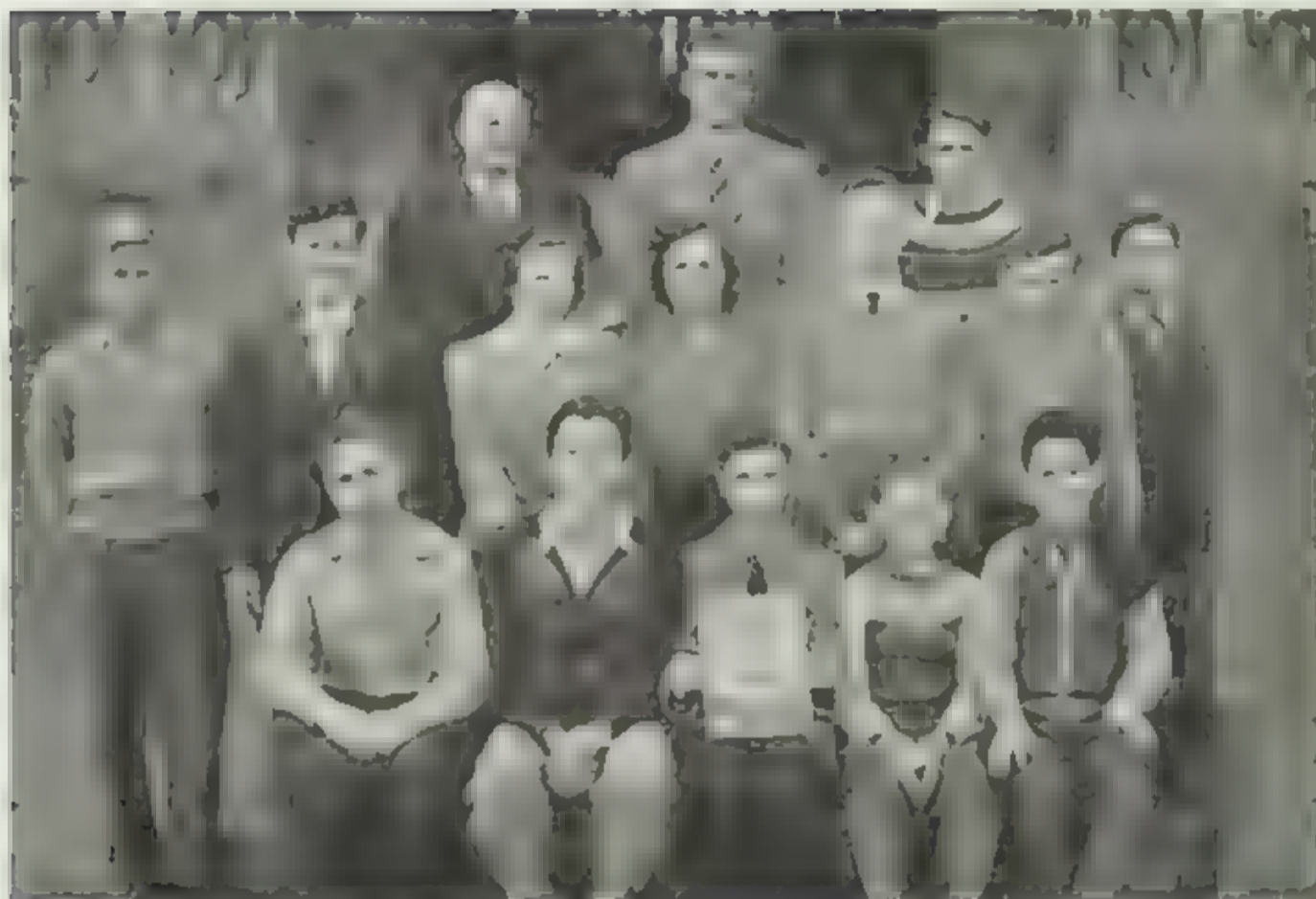
Although for the most part we know little or nothing about the particular instrument which has been chosen, as the term progresses and our knowledge increases, the sounds coming from 304 become less jumbled and soon resemble a smooth melody. As soon as we learn the mechanism and science of our instrument, the largest and most important task is over. Then, when Miss Brix believes our ability is high enough, we are transferred to the Senior Band and thereafter participate in their activities.

The Junior Band is open to everyone who has the desire to play an instrument. Terms one and two may substitute it for chorus, and three and above receive credit toward graduation. If you are interested, we extend our heartiest invitation for you to join us.

President
Treasurer
"Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Ralph Maier
Berdinia McDonald

Florida Brewster
Miss Brix



STAMP CLUB

OTTO KOCH

The members of the Beaumont Stamp Club, whose features you may see above, are only an infinitesimal part of that vast number of enthusiastic collectors who follow the most extensive of all hobbies. This hobby, which has reached the state of a business, a trade or a profession, began in England in the year 1842, when the royal children became interested in the "Penny Black", or England's first stamp.

It has been stated that, in Europe, one person out of every ten collects stamps. In the United States, there are one and a half million stamp collectors.

Join the Stamp Club this term or next term and participate in this most interesting and inexpensive hobby.

President
Vice-President
Treasurer and Secretary
CADUCEUS and "Digest"
Correspondent
Sponsor

Robert Fay
John Forster
Norbert Meyer

Otto Koch
Mr. Hall

Caduceus



TECHNICIANS

CHARLES BOHN

This very active and helpful group functions during plays, operettas, dances, "aud" sessions, radio broadcasts, and showings of motion pictures. The Technicians, under the guidance of Mr. Webb, have charge of the amplifiers in the auditorium, the sound motion picture machine, and radio, which are operated for various classes. They also operate the stage lights used for various lighting effects during plays and operettas. For these services the group operates in three sections, although the members learn and work at all three. At the head of each section is a chairman. They are Robert Thompson, in charge of the motion picture machine; Robert Sattler in charge of the public address system and Collins Bushnell, head of the stage lights section.

CADUCEUS Correspondent
Sponsor

Charles Bohn
Mr. Webb



LUTHER BURBANK CHAPTER

BETTY ULRICH

The Luther Burbank Chapter of the Junior Academy of Science of Missouri sounds impressive, doesn't it? However, don't let the long name frighten you. There's no club in Beaumont that is more friendly than the Burbank Chapter. We have members of all sizes, terms, and ages (within reasonable limits, of course).

Throughout the school year, we enjoyed many good times, such as visits to Gradwohl Biological Laboratory, Normandy High School, the Academy exhibit out at Washington University, and a picnic at Forest Park with all the St. Louis Chapters. We are active at school, too. At each meeting, we either hear a talk, see some scientific motion pictures, work with microscopes, or make exhibits to take out to Washington University.

Speaking of exhibits, our most extensive ones are being made by Nina Mae Nieman and Robert Fay, this year. Nina is working on planeria (cross eyed worms about one-half inch long) and Robert is making clay models on cell developments.

If you make good grades, and feel interested in projects such as these, drop over to Room 126 some Friday afternoon and join our group.

President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer
Cabinet Members
"Digest"-CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Edgar Draper
Nina Mae Nieman
Rita Egan
{ Madilyn Comfort
{ Roy Bleikamp

Betty Ulrich
Miss McCarty



WITENAGEMOT

BETTY ANN KNICKMEYER

Are you interested in engaging in lively discussions on current topics dealing with questions of national, international and local interest? If so we extend to you a most cordial invitation to join the Witenagemot

To the uninitiated we wish to explain that the Beaumont Debating Club officially known as the Witenagemot, has taken issue with kings, dictators and presidents; with parliaments and with congresses, and has solved and left unsolved many weighty problems. After a prepared debate, which is given by selected members, the question of the day is openly discussed by all the members, each person being given ample opportunity to express his viewpoint.

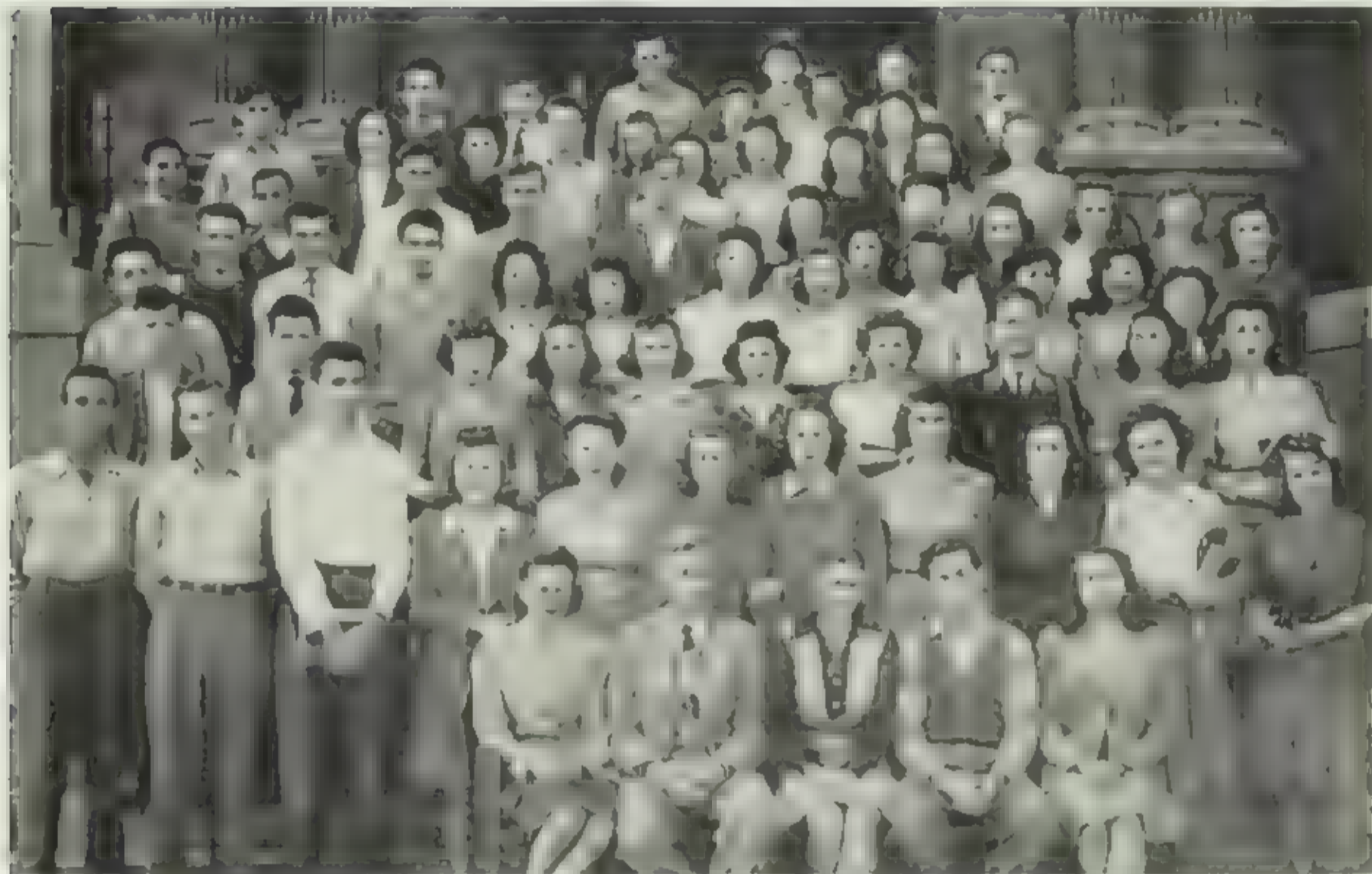
The meetings are held on alternate Tuesdays in Room 208. To join one must have at least a fourth-term rating, good grades, and the recommendation of one's English teacher. Our debates and discussions are both enjoyable and instructive; they help us to think clearly and form intelligent opinions on affairs of the day, and they train us for future leadership.

We again extend to you a most hearty invitation to join us

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
CADUCEUS and "Digest"
Correspondent
Librarian
Sponsor

William Stuart
Mary Jo Bridgeman
Mary Bozoian
Robert Drummond

Betty Ann Knickmeyer
Richard Grace
Miss Riskin



ALFRED MARSHALL CLUB

ELLEN LIENHOP

The activities of the Alfred Marshall Club this term have changed a little because of the transportation problem. We are not able to go on so many trips, but we are getting just as much knowledge and pleasure at meetings after school and from motion pictures. The few places we have attended are St. Louis Dairy, Quality Dairy, Neighborhood House and the Housing Project on the river front. We are planning to visit the night shift at Hostess Cake Plant about six o'clock in the morning and then have our breakfast in O'Fallon Park.

This club is composed of students who are interested in sociology. If you would like to join, see Miss Hudler or our president, Bob Gilmore.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Digest" and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Bob Gilmore
Betty Cooper
Virginia Blattel
Eugene Gonzenbach

Ellen Lienhop
Miss Hudler

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CHESSE CLUB

HENRY HOLLAND

Chess is at once probably the oldest game played by civilized men and the most modern. Its roots lie deep in the battles of old India; yet it contains all the modern elements of the second front.

It is, in fact, more like a modern battle than anything else. The battle starts with the pawns, the infantry of the chessboard, breaking rank and charging into the fray. Next come the knights, comparable to the air force, to protect the infantry and to strike the enemy where he least expects it. Close on their heels come the bishops, acting as light artillery and laying down a barrage. Then, as a close knit team, the light artillery and air force swing into action, attacking the queen, the chessboard's tanks, and the king, who serves as G. H. Q. The rooks, or heavy artillery, wheels into action to lay down a protective barrage for the G. H. Q., and the battle is on.

From here the battle belongs to the strongest. The knights roar into action deep in enemy territory, hitting strong points and destroying communications. The pawns charge forward to kill or be killed for the glory of their colors. Then when the enemy is softened, the king and queen lead the invasion of enemy territory to capture the opposing general staff and win the battle.

If you play chess, if you would like to learn to play chess, or if you are not sure, come and join us. We meet every Tuesday at three o'clock in Room 230. The game does not take long to learn; it has fewer rules than either football or baseball; it has been found to be a constant source of enjoyment once learned. So remember to come Tuesday. We are always glad to welcome a new member.

President
Secretary
Vice-President and CADUCEUS
Correspondent
Sponsor

Elwood Rosenkoetter
Morry Schimmel

Henry Holland
Mr. Feldman

MOTHERS' CLUB

(Continued from page 105)

The club wishes to thank the Program Committee and all other committees who have by their splendid cooperation made this year so successful.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Executive Chairman

Mrs. E. F. Gallagher
Mrs. Joseph Epstein
Mrs. Edward Ruger
Mrs. M. Pereda
Mrs. Clinnie Dill Pavlick

Caduceus

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Madsen, Joyce	21	Schlichting, Kenneth	46
Mahoney, Vincent C.	18	Schmidt, Charles	14
Malcolm, Gladys	24	Schmitt, Rosemary	37
Mandle, Albert	34	Schoen, Richard	20
Martin, Jo Ann	28	Schollmeyer, Bob	19
Martin, Ruth	43	Schone, Robert L.	23
Marty, Evelyn	18	Schrempf, Elsie	30
Masterson, Edward	33	Schroeder, Dorothea	21
Mauntel, Betty	26	Schultz, Carleen	35
Mayo, Marian	25	Seiser, Hermine	40
Meckessel, Jean	18	Seymour, Robert	25
Merk, Nadine	44	Sieger, Norman	47
Meyer, Arlonne	31	Stack, Kenneth	38
Meyer, Don	26	Standley, Mary	27
Meyer, Lillian	45	Steinmann, Virginia	25
Meyer, Mildred	32	Steinmetz, Meredith	44
Meyers, June	43	Stillman, Eugene	45
Miltzer, Clarice	14	Stolz, Clarence	15
Miller, Milton	40	Street, Betty Jean	33
Mitchell, Harold	24	Strupel, Cliff	20
Mochel, Alice	32	Sturm, Richard	15
Moore, Russel	30	Sudhoff, Doris	28
Moutates, Angeline	33	Taylor, Lorraine	25
Moreland, Edward	37	Theodorow, Jean	21
Morrow, Alice	30	Thompson, Elmer	19
Mullen, Pat	17	Thompson, Robert	28
Niederhoff, Dorothy	33	Thousand, Wilma	29
Niemeyer, Norman	16	Uhlig, Fern	23
Noltensmeyer, Mildred	38	Ulrich, Betty	30
Osterholt, Nicholas	39	Updike, Imogene	26
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Parker, Marie	31	Van Sickle, Floyd	29
Parker, Marion	31	Varwig, John	14
Parsons, Charlotte	42	Vogel, Jean	14
Petersen, Marian	30	Volkmar, Evelyn	16
Petini, Ruth	46	Voss, Audrey	26
Pidgeon, Earl	39	Wagner, Margie	26
Pitt, Eileen	36	Wahlbrink, William	21
Ploeger, Arthur	31	Wallace, James	43
Pollock, Bill	22	Wamhoff, Edward	34
Poth, Harold	41	Weber, Marie	37
Preston, Catherine	45	Weber, Richard	21
Puzzar, Lorraine	32	White, Violet	35
Quigley, Dorothy	23	Williams, Roland	40
Reinert, Owen	14	Wilson, Olive Dell	47
Reise, Charles	42	Winkler, Lee	14
Reisman, Jane	29	Wittneben, Albert	23
Renick, Jim	38	Wood, Jerald	34
Repp, Ted	34	Wright, Fred	18
Rogers, Eileen	37	Yoder, Allen	29

Autographs

Autographs

size of each is
marked at.
H. H. 2. 10th





